



STARBURST

SPECIAL WEREWOLF ISSUE:

THE HOWLING

REVIEW PLUS FULL COLOUR PICTURES

MOVIE WEREWOLVES

A HISTORY OF CINEMA LYNCANTHROPOS

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

INTERVIEW WITH DIRECTOR JOHN GLEN

OUTLAND SPECIAL EFFECTS

WE TALK TO MODEL BUILDER MARTIN BOWER

PLUS: THE MONSTER CLUB,
INSEMINOID, THE FUNHOUSE,
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (1939)



A FULL COLOUR FEATURE ON THE 1968 CLASSIC
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY



TOO A SPACE ODYSSEY

ARTIST JOHN HENRIE'S DESIGN FOR THE
 JETPACKS OF 'THE THING' SPARE
 ABOUT SEE PAGE 16

THE HOWLING

A HISTORY OF THE WOLF-MOVIE
 PLUS ALL THE NEWLY MOVIES CAN
 BE FOUND ON PAGE 16

MARTIN BOWER INTERVIEW

ST. MARY TALK: THE TOP
 BRUCE STONE IN 'THE NEW ST'
 ABOUT HIS WORK: THE NEW ST
 FILM 'THE NEW ST' PAGE 17



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STARBURST LETTERS 4

OUR READERS WRITE ON JOHN BROSNAN'S REVIEW OF SUPERMAN II, GERRY ANDERSON AND JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING ELSE.

THINGS TO COME 6

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT FROM THE WORLDS OF CINEMA AND TV FANTASY BROUGHT TO YOU BY INTREPID STARBURST REPORTER TONY CRAWLEY.

INSEMINOID 10



WE REVIEW THE NEW BRITISH MADE SF/HORROR FILM STARRING JUDE GEESON.

MONSTER CLUB 12

STARBURST LOOKS AT THE NEW HORROR FILM FROM BRITISH-BASED PRODUCER MILTON SUBOTSKY.

THE HOWLING 14



WE PRESENT A SPECIAL REVIEW OF THIS NEW JOE DANTE DIRECTED WEREWOLF FILM BY TONY CRAWLEY.

FUNHOUSE 17

ALAN JONES CASTS A CRITICAL EYE OVER THE LATEST FILM FROM THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MAN, TOBE HOOPER.

THE JOHN GLEN INTERVIEW 18



STARBURST'S RESIDENT JAMES BOND EXPERT JOHN BROSAN TALKS TO THE DIRECTOR OF THE LATEST OF THE BOND MOVIES, FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.

WEREWOLVES OF THE MOVIES 23



WITH THE WEREWOLF WAVE ABOUT TO BREAK IN OUR CINEMAS, WE LOOK BACK OVER NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS OF MOVIE LYCANTHROPS.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY 28



A RETROSPECTIVE LOOK AT ARGUABLY ONE OF THE GREATEST SPACE MOVIES OF ALL TIME.

VIDEO SCENE 34

A RUN DOWN ON SOME OF THE FANTASY MATERIAL CURRENTLY AVAILABLE ON VIDEO CASSETTE.

FRANKENSTEIN CHRONICLES III 38



THE THIRD AND FINAL PART OF PHIL EDWARDS' LOOK BACK AT THE BEST OF THE UNIVERSAL FRANKENSTEIN FILMS WITH KARLOFF AS THE MONSTER.

RECORD WORLD 44

THE RETURN OF MAT IRVINE'S PERIODIC FORAYS INTO THE REALMS OF FANTASY-ORIENTED MUSIC.

IT'S ONLY A MOVIE 46

JOHN BROSAN ON HOW HE DIDN'T MEET ROGER CORMAN AND THE TERRIBLE TALK OF THE HOLLYWOOD PHONE CALL.

TV ZONE 50

TSE VANIMAGI LOOKS AT BBC'S HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY AND OUT OF THIS WORLD.

MARTIN BOWER 51



AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MODEL-MAKER AND MOVIE MINIATURE DESIGNER WHO HAS WORKED ON SPACE 1999, ALIEN AND THE FORTHCOMING OUTLAND, MARTIN BOWER.

STARBURST LETTERS

SUPERMAN II

I have just received issue 32 of your excellent magazine and I felt I had to write to tell you how much I agree with John Brosnan's critique of *Superman II*. I was lucky enough to attend a late night preview of the film at a cinema in Manchester and I cannot remember such an enthusiastic audience reaction to a film. At the end, practically everyone was on their feet cheering and applauding. The special effects, I thought, were remarkable, especially the miniature photography of Derek Meddings. I find it incredible that only one of the shots of the destruction of Metropolis was actually shot in New York, the rest being either mock-ups or models. I hope you will have an interview with him in the near future and also an interview with the only member of the *Superman* team not to receive any coverage so far, Dennis Coop.

The only flaw I found in the film, other than a few awful travelling mates, was the music which sounded as if it was a simple compilation from the first film. The main title was spoiled by simply not being loud enough and the credits were a great disappointment. (Why couldn't they have used slit scan for the titles as they did in the first movie?)

But apart from those flaws I found the film totally enthralling and it's by far the most enjoyable film I have ever seen.

Philip Atack,
Bury,
Lancs

First—congratulations on an excellent magazine. Its reviews and articles (*TV Zone*, *N's Only* & *Movies*) are always read with great interest.

On to *Superman II*—The film is great, but lost some of the seriousness that for me made the first film better.

In John Brosnan's review he says "the Krypton scenes in the first film were slow-moving and ponderous". Even so, those scenes were necessary for the story and by Brosnan's own admission he's a Richard Lester fan. Would Lester's comedy touches

have fitted in with the destruction of Krypton?

Last point—I don't think that a kiss and a dizzy spell is a satisfactory end to the emotional relationship built up between Lois and Clark during the film. (How did he do it?)

Hope there's a third

P Douglas,
London

After reading *Starburst 32* I was interested in the article by John Brosnan on *Superman II* in which he praised the film and recounted his particular verdict of the screening as a "winner".

Such enthusiasm is, as many *Star Trek* fans have no doubt found, not flowing and it takes a very high standard of production to please Mr Brosnan in his critical review. When I eventually saw the film in London I felt inclined to agree with him. *Superman II* is spectacular and will probably, as one local newspaper critic put it, "Knock the speech out of *Popeye*" (which is another contender this Easter's box office banana of sudden new releases). Big budgets apparently count for everything these days!

However, as Mr Brosnan pointed out, the film does have its various defects and is, as such, a victim of its own success as only slightly sub-standard shot sticks out like a sore thumb. One interesting reason for this is probably the fact *Superman* films are generally taken to be the ultimate in flying with actors and that over the period between 1 and 2, film audiences have tended to overblow the film in their own imagination and made it far more spectacular, a good analogy is the instance when one went to the circus as a young child came back when far older and was disappointed with the actual event.

John Brosnan's "disappointment" was the optics and in particular the travelling mates. Yet again I agree with him, if you have seen any trailers for the film on independent television the most notable sequence is when Clark Kent changes into the "red boots" outfit whilst running, takes off to land on the



ledge of the *Daily Planet* offices some three stories up.

Another source of general discomfort and slight amusement is when Ursula murders an astronaut on the moon's surface.

"What kind of creature are you?" she asks. (Okay, there is no oxygen in space but she is supposed to have super powers anyway, so one can presume that the astronaut hears her!)

"Just a man", he replies (Ursula must have quite spectacular hearing, sound won't travel in a vacuum).

Then, to bring matters to a head she casually rips part of the space suit off and succeeds in killing the man inside. This is after a small chase incidentally, in which Ursula demonstrates her prowess for flying. The death throes of the space-suited victim are surprisingly quite funny, he inflates like a giant balloon and proceeds to fly off all over the moon's craters until the air runs out. Apart from that, the obvious laws of physics tell me that the film makers have ignored the scientific fact. If there is no or very little pressure on the moon hitting the man's body when the suit is ruptured then his own internal pressure acting throughout his body would cause him to literally explode!

One could argue that if *Superman II* is a fantasy movie then one must overlook such discrepancies, yet, as Mr Brosnan pointed out in his review in

Starburst 32: "it treats its super hero star with respect and a reasonably straight face, which is the only sort of approach that works with this sort of movie". In other words, the super villains can do practically anything as can Superman but ordinary rules for us mortals must remain and along with them, the general laws of physics.

Taking these small errors aside which seem to be present in any large special effects film these days, *Superman II* is a very enjoyable film with only the sad fact that an impostor called Ken Thorne wrote the music based on John Williams' original score to cloud the wonderful view.

W J Rieger,
Crowthorne,
Berks

I agree with *Starburst* critic John Brosnan on most of his opinions on *Superman II*, it is refreshing to read John Brosnan's open-minded opinions. Somehow I don't see how he can say that the number two saga is better than the first. There were glimpses of overlooked vitality, like for example when Superman retrieves his powers after walking back on foot, to his fortress, you never see how or from what theory Mr (Jordymyl) Kent retrieves his super-powers and also on what theory in the first place he loses them, there are lots of pieces like that throughout the

film which I do not like at all, because it makes it look a bit too hurried, don't you think?

The first film came on a grand scale, it felt as though it was an epic, at least the first few minutes did.

I am a camera operator myself and I must admit I liked the camera angles and lesser directing techniques. The effects I thought were just as bad as the first film, I am not saying they don't deserve any credit, what I am saying is that they were not perfect and for that sort of film they need to be pretty near it. I specially disliked the matte shots and taking off techniques. Above all I enjoyed the film very much.

J. Rivas,
London NS

CLOCKWORK READER

Dear Dreg,

I use the name as a term of respect to such a distinguished and worthy writer wack as yourself, sir. But down to business, I am, like, shattered, heartbroken even. For many long months, I have purchased the *Starburst*, the magazine with which thou is connected, in the futile hope that there may be a review of the great science fiction classic, *A Clockwork Orange*. So far, I have been out of luck, I mean my glazes are damn near popping out of their sockets, not a photo for me to viddy, not a slove for me to read, like. At least, not until issue 27, when you, sir, skazzatted that the public enjoyed it, true, and I particularly like the apparently gratuitous violence bit, fair play to you, sir, I salute you.

I mean, *A Clockwork Orange* must have a mackety bit of preference over the older BW efforts that are often reviewed by yourself sir, no disrespect meant, but this Arnold work is reviewed at least once every three issues.

Why not Mr Kabinck?

Oh sure, you may skazette that you and your writer friends reviewed both *The Shunning* and *2001*, but what about *A Clockwork Orange*?

So how's about it, Dreg? Just

one review, with a few photos?

Yes, yes, yes? I hope so. I have skazzated my problems to you, and using the old Madest, hope I have shown you what a devoted fan of the film, and book, I am.

Oh bos hoo hoo, the joy of my jessay (a life) lies in your rookers, sir, please do what thou thinkest best.

From one Dreg to another,
Adieu

Joe Furlong,
Eire

ANDERSON SHOWS

I have recently read in an american magazine that ITC Entertainment is currently assembling a package of 15 tv movies under the title of *Super Space Theatre*. Many of the movies in this package are based on seven of Gerry Anderson's popular tv series. Included are two movies based on *Space 1999* episodes, *Alien Attack* and *Destruction Moonbase Alpha*. What I would like to know is if this package of movies or at least one of them will be shown on British tv on a future date?

Alan Fletcher,
Wolverhampton.

It's our guess, Alan, that the *Super Space Package* is a set of video tapes for commercial release. We've heard nothing about a possible release in this country.

ANDERSON CLUB

I wonder if you would be so kind as to inform your readers of an appreciation society for the 'old' Gerry Anderson puppet movies.

Every other month a different show is examined and members are asked to participate by sending their views and opinions.

There's also a swap page for toys, TV/2's and each bi-monthly magazine has a crossword with prizes to be won, not to mention info, posters, badges, etc.

Anyone interested should send £3.00 for one year's membership (£2.00 for under 16s) plus eight stamps.

Upon joining each member will

RADIO STAR WARS

At the moment of writing this letter I have just heard the good news that BBC Radio One are to broadcast a 13 part series of *Star Wars*.

It will star members of the original cast including Anthony Daniels as C-3PO and will follow the storyline of the film with added scenes explaining what is going on!

I will be glued to the radio set on Easter Monday and it will be a great pleasure remembering the scenes from the George Lucas Space fantasy epic.

G.N. Simms,
Shrewsbury,
Shropshire.

We have to apologise to our readers for not telling them in advance of the BBC *Star Wars* radio show. Trouble was no one at the BBC seemed to know when the adaptation was going to be broadcast. We have a full report scheduled for issue 36 of *Starburst*.



Above: Kevin Costner plays Grand Moff Tarkin. Below: Anthony Daniels returns as C-3PO. Ben Kingsley plays Han Solo and Mark Hamill voices Luke Skywalker.



receive an enrolment form, a free engraved pen, a badge and a still plus a detailed synopsis of all 33 *Thunderbirds* episodes.

Send a blank PO for £3.50 or £2.00 and the stamps plus a 12cm x 10cm envelope to:

Century 21 Appreciation Society,
John Williams,
13 Dylan Crescent,
Port Talbot,
Glamorgan,
S. Wales, SA12 6 BW

Sorry, but we cannot enter into correspondence with readers who reply personally to letters.

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THINGS TO COME

SF LOVE

Intrepid casting, bridging the sf history books, for a 1.8 dollar Greek science-fiction love story which started shooting on the Greek isle of Hydra in March. The lovers are played by 2001's *Kor Dallas* and Adrienne Barbeau—John Carpenter's wife and, of course, star of both *The Fog* and *Escape from New York*. Their union is called *The Next*, which will probably be changed to something rather better by the time it's ready for opening. Writer and director of the Omega Projects movie is a certain Nico Mastorakis. That's the bad news. The last film I heard him connected with (as co-producer) was the rip-off which attracted Anthony Quinn and Jackie Bisset, but one else—*The Greek Tycoon*. Well, we'll see...

GALACTICEERS

Lorne Greene is returning to science fiction, or fantasy at least, and down-under rather than high up. No, not in Australia (or New Zealand) but in Stephen Dewar's production of *Atlantis*. And Greene's former space companion, Dirk Benedict, continues his exploitation movie career with the hot wheels number, *Follow That Car*, for Roger Corman and director Daniel Haller.



GREECE EXTRA

And talking of Greece, the latest romo visitors have been Christie Schnoor and Burgess Meredith, back in harness for part of this upcoming hype for *Cleak of Titans*. With Hollywood filmmaker Mark Schneider, they were shooting around the Acropolis for a week for scenes in a *Titans* tv special called *Myths and Magic of Movies*.



STUDIO TOUR

If you're planning to take your summer hole in Los Angeles this year—and why ever not, more Britons seem to go there than Spain these days—don't miss the Universal Studios Tour. (As if you would!) It will, or so I'm duly informed, be better than ever in '81. Second only to Disneyland as the tourist attraction around the Hollywood neighborhood, the tour has a new gimmick added every June. This year's is an extension of the stunts show—the introduction of a special effects demonstration, occupying two of the sound-stages (Good thing so many Universal films are on location). A great deal of market research goes into choosing the tour's high-spots, and it's obvious that the camera-clicking, tongue-clicking, rubber-necking and whooping (rather than cheering) film-fans are more intrigued by special effects than, say, make-up secrets or costume design. (Must be all these issues we sell over there.)

The all-new effects show will detail certain milestones in the history of movie effects and suggest future developments—with film extracts and live demos. Instead of just the now rather tatty (and forgotten?) *Six Million Dollar Man* stuff of previous tours, the highlight of the new bill will be the multirarious gimmicks employed in the making of *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*.

I'm beginning to wonder which comes first at Universal these days—the ideas for the side-shows or their films and tv series. Maybe you can't get the green light to shoot anything now,

unless it can be worked into the tour. Either way, book early. Tourists are increasing at the rate of 15% per year—and four million are expected this year, with maybe another million or two left at the gates. Disneyland wins about ten million, but it has been going a lot longer... and you can spend all day there. (Indeed, you have to!)

MAG MOVIES MOVES

Yet another American magazine is moving into movies—and, television series. *Oxen* magazine is the latest. It is preparing a series called—and what else—*The World Tomorrow*. With *Oxen's* reputation, that can only be good. The odd thing, though, for a magazine which, according to its own hype has 'changed the face of publishing forever'... you can hardly read a line of their telly advertising in the American show business trade papers!

ROMERO SHOOTS KING

Busy year for George Romero. He premiered his *Knightriders* movie at Finex in April—that's the Los Angeles International Film Exposition (busy time for LA, with Filmax following directly after the American Film Market). And early in June, George starts directing Stephen King's original scenario, *Crepusculo*—with a delivery date of June next year. Mark that one in your diaries.

DONEN SHOOTS KING

Due to start around the same time (and therefore cause a clash on release?), another Stephen King project. His novel *Dead Zone*, is being filmed by Lennox, the Dallas company. Sydney Pollack is producing, which is fair enough. Unfortunately he isn't directing though. And Stanley Donen, who 'made' *Saturn 3*, is in charge. Whoops!



ODD COUPLE

Never thought they'd be working together. Then again never actually think that much about either of them. But makeup boy Tom Savini and composer Rick Wakeman are adding their own particular talents to Tony Maylam's new horror outing, *The Buning*.

NEW CATS CAST

Paul Schrader, that abrasive writer (*Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull*) and director (*Blue Collar*, *American Gigolo*) has settled on his cost for the re-make of Val Lewton's *The Cat People* (1942). They'll be Elephant Man John Hurt, *Time After Time* Malcolm McDowell and the most gorgeous new Hollywood import, Klaus Kinski's daughter Nastassia Kinski, aka *Tess*...

AND CATTY!



Amicus, they may have been; but amicable no more. Milton Subotsky is suing his former partner, Max J. Rosenberg, regarding the profits of *The Land That Time Forgot*, *At The Earth's Core* and *Free Beyond The Grave*. But the main bone of contention is Rosenberg's *Cat People* re-make for Universal in Hollywood. Milton says he's entitled to a cut of the producer's fee for the re-read, plus full co-producer credit with Max.

It's a long story, as most film-land court wrangles are, dating back to 1975 when Milton Subotsky quit Amicus. Or indeed to one year earlier when, or so Milton alleges, he started work on the new *Cat People* scenario with

Sure Rydman and Brian Scofield. Their finished script was named, confusingly, after the title of the original film's sequel—*Curse of the Cat People*. And that switch of titles seems to be the crux of the current hassle. Subotsky claims that when Rosenberg arranged his Hollywood deal, he told Universal that Subotsky's script was not based on the original film at all, but upon the sequel.

Not so, cries Milton, and he has sent copies of both original and sequel scripts (both by De Witt 'Doc' Brown) to his Los Angeles lawyers to prove the point.

While awaiting the outcome of the eventual court hearing, Milton Subotsky is trying to block any British work on Paul Schrader's re-make. He has written to the Association of Cinematograph Television and Allied Technicians, requesting that the union bars any work on the film in British labs. There will be, no doubt, another exciting chapter next month...

CASSETTE SALES

According to Video Shack, the No 1 chain to buy your video-cassettes when passing through New York, 2001 is still holding its own as just about the best-selling of film on cassette. *Close Encounters* and *Alien* have long since dropped out of the company's Top Ten, and *Star Trek* is on the way out at seventh position. I'm surprised the buyers are interested in such classics, when the most recent No 1 seller was...

Airplane!, followed by *Urban Cowboy*. Still, any British list would probably be topped by *Carry On Nurse*...

BIGGER FEST

Next year's Avonaz Fantastic Film Festival—the tenth—will be bigger than usual. All of a full week instead of a merely five days. Well, after this year's sad little event, Avonaz needs something to wake it up. (A new organisation running things would be a good start.) Lionel Chouchon remains the fest organiser and he's hoping to pull off a special coup

for the tenth anniversary event. He's planning a "jury of juries" made up from the biggest jury names in previous years—which have included Spielberg, De Palma, Corman and so on.

NEW TARZAN

I do wish the Dereks would make up their minds. John, that is, the director, and his marvellous mascot, Bo, his producer for their re-make of *Tarzan The Ape Man*. From the start they always knew Bo would be Jane. In fact, no-go on Bo, and no film that was always for sure. But who to sport the old lion-cloth? At first (and my mistake entirely I think) it seemed to be John Philip Law. I read somewhere else it was going to be Richard Harris, which was not only incorrect but stupid! Finally, Tarz was settled. Hollywood's Lee Carlsing was signed and dutifully turned up for work on locations in Sri Lanka. But—Lee's back home in LA now, and someone else is swinging through the Sri Lankan vines. A chap called Miles O'Keefe.

Miles O'Keefe? The facts are these. Canale had somewhat

damaged himself, with appendicitis and was not up to the swinging required for the filming (or at least, the kind of swinging Edgar Rice Burroughs was on about). He had to quit. And the Dereks had to find a new boy. Enter Mr O'Keefe.

FORD'S FOUR

The reason that Ridley Scott couldn't direct his (IM) movie, *Knight* (now *The Sword* under Walter Hill's command) has finally become clear. Scott's helming *Blade Runner* for Alan Ladd's company, instead. Ladd, the old-time star's son, was the boss at Fox who gave the green light to *Star Wars*, before quitting to set up his own combine. Scott's star is one other than Harrison Ford taking yet another holiday from Han Solo. This is Ford's fourth film with the leading science fiction directors—George Lucas, of course, Peter Hyams from *Capricorn One* time directed him in *Hanover Street*, and he recently finished *Raiders of the Last Ark* for Steven Spielberg. I think he's collecting 'em!

HEAVY... WHAT?



The Ivan Reitman and Leonard Mogel (film mogul, sort of) production of *Heavy Metal* is due for a title change when it reaches Britain... Come the summertime. Or later. The film, a collection of animated tales scripted by the likes of Dan O'Bannon, Angus McKee, Richard Corben, Thomas Warkentin and Bernie Wrightson, will come our way free, that all-embracing firm, Columbia-EMI-Warner. But I gather the feeling is not enough people know the *Heavy Metal* mag over here.

THINGS TO COME

ESPAGNOL CUSHING

Peter Cushing must like it in Spain. Having completed J. Simon Papper's version of Jules Verne's **Monster Island**, Cushing is back in Madrid for a new movie called **Black Jack**. Not to be confused with Kim Lach's recent British film, this one is written and directed by a certain Max Boulois. . . . Whoever he is, Max (a black actor who also appears in the film), has some rather odd ideas about casting. His casino robbery caper has twenty headliners, most of whom mean more to the Juan in the street than to us. Cushing, of course, tops the bill which is further peeped by ex-**Thunderball** Bond Girl, Claudine Auger from France. . . . the dreadful Hugo Stiglitz from the even more dreadful Rene Cardona Mexican films like **Tiatarra**. Spanish actor Antonio Vilar, unseen since being demolished on-screen by Brigitte Bardot (what a way to go!) in **A Woman Like Susan** in 1958. . . . and someone, who I suppose must be Spain's favourite foreign telly-star, Brian Murphy, no less, from **George and Mildred**. That's not just a mixed bag, that's a mess!



Peter Cushing as he appeared in the last of the Hammer Dracula, *Satanic Rites of Dracula*.

4D VISITORS

Mention of the unspeakable films of Rene Cardona Jr. means, I suppose, I should report he's at it again. Trying to make a movie. The man who gave us such instant pop or regurgitated history as **Survive** (which apart from being rotten, brought Allen Carr into movies) and **Gypsy**, has begun work on **Visitors from the Fourth Dimension** in Mexico, Belize and around the Caribbean. Cardona's Cinematografica Real company has put up half the 1.8 million dollar budget, with Junior Films of Rome supplying the rest. (Junior . . . I like it. That really sums up Cardona's work.) Worse news, Cardona has backing for another film this year, **The Treasure of the Amazons**. What's that about, Rene, baby? "Oh, it is a good old-fashioned jungle yarn about head-bangers."

Well, you never know Rene Junior may have learned something. After his last foray into something akin to horror flicks, he's recently had a sabbatical with Mexican comedies, **Barlesque**, **Las Computadoras**, etc. He may have picked up a worthwhile film-making tricks. Like timing, for instance. We shall see. . . . Unless we're very lucky.

DAY IN DALLAS

Despite the rumoured plans to remake it this year, the original of **The Day The Earth Stood Still**, has not been shelved. Dr not just yet. The 1951 classic was taken out of mothballs as part of a retrospective tribute to 67-year-old director Robert Wise at the USA film festival in JR country, Dallas, in March. One of the few surviving stars of the film, Patricia Neal, attended the screening with Wise. She's been away from her British home, filming in the States—a wise move while a tele-movie about her own remarkable survival story. Following her near fatal stroke in 1966) has been shot here against her wishes. Instrumental in Pat's recovery from speech and memory impairment, was her husband, the **Tales of the Unexpected** author, Roald Dahl. In Anthony Harvey's tv-flick, the

couple are played by Glenda Jackson and Dirk Bogarde.

WEEK IN TRIESTE

The local tourist industry's moves to build up the Science Fiction Film Festival at Trieste, in Italy, seems to be working. Seven prizes have been announced for this year's event on July 6-11. As well as the Golden Asteroid for best film, there will be three Silver Asteroids for the top two acting performances and the best

television entry. The international jury will now have two prizes to find winners for and not to be left out of the act, the city of Trieste itself will, as per usual, honour the best science fiction short with the Golden Seal. Rather more important than the now competing films this time, though, will be special screenings of eight of classics. These are currently being selected via a world-wide referendum carried out among more than 300 film critics, writers and other "experts". Funny, I haven't received my referendum form yet. Maybe it went to John Brosnan!



BOND TEAM

No matter what you may have thought of **Moorehead**, my favourite 007 stunt was the pre-direct sequence of **The Spy Who Loved Me**—when Bond did that spectacular ski-jump which turned into a parachute fall with a Union Jack chute! Everyone responsible for that feat—which had audiences on their feet from Bruns to Bangkok—are back on duty for this year's Bondanza. **For Your Eyes Only**. It was a producer Cubby Broccoli's step-son, executive producer Michael G. Wilson who suggested the absolute idea (and he's acting again and co-author of this year's 007 script). It was American ski-champ Rick Sylvester who made the jump and German Olympic skier and film-maker Willy Bogner who made it work (and they're

both employed in more amusing snow thrills at the Corvina locations). It was cameraman Alan Hume who shot it, and second-unit director John Glen who directed it—and they're both promoted to full cinematographer and director on this doozey Bond film. Sounds good then, despite No 12 appearing to be such a retreat of snow and underwater action we've seen before in the world of James Bond.



THINGS TO COME



A selection of scenes from the forthcoming James Bond offering from United Artists, *For Your Eyes Only* (don't miss our interview with director John Glen on page 18 this issue — Editor).



STUNT ACE

And while touching on stunts, however briefly, no self-respecting film news column (no matter the genre it covers) could fail to acknowledge the tragic news of the recent death of Richard Talmsage—of cancer, aged 88, at his Carmel home in California. Dick Talmsage (actually born Sylvester Melnick) in Munich in 1895) was a Euro circus star who did his first stunt work in America as far back as 1913 in *The Million Dollar Mystery*. He was one of the legendary stuntmen, often doubling for those top two Twenties silent stars who never let on that anyone did some of their work on-screen—Douglas Fairbanks Sr., and Harold Lloyd. Fairbanks repaid him well, backing Talmsage's first starring role in *Taking Chances*. In 1923, Dick formed his own company and continued to star in various silent

movies, the titles matching his fearless bravado—*The Speed King*, *Laughing at Danger*, etc. He also worked in various Laurel and Hardy comedies. The coming of sound killed his acting career—he had a very strong German accent—and so, he became, instead, one of Hollywood's top second-unit (or action) directors from the Thirties onwards. In all he worked on more than 70 movies, as varied as *How The West Was Won* (1962) and the Bond force, *Casino Royale* (1967), plus a whole pack of John Wayne vehicles. He was known as the grandfather of stuntmen, one of the top three from the real old days and the other two still survive him, Yakima Canutt and Harvey Perry. Did Dick may not have made a science fiction movie in his life, but without his pioneer stunting work, many of fantasy classics could never have been considered, much less actually made. He was the ace of aces.

INSEMINOID

Below: A scene from the movie
conveyed of human form
Inseminoid.



Review by Alan Jones

A group of astronauts are on an archaeological expedition to investigate the origins of a vanished civilization on a distant planet. Two of the crew, Sandy (Judy Geeson) and Mitch (Trevor Thomas), go to explore some strange crystals found earlier in a tomb-like cave. Suddenly an alien creature attacks Mitch and mutilates him in front of Sandy's horrified eyes. When the alien finally turns its attention on her, it is for an entirely different reason... It sees the chance to perpetuate its long lost race. How Sandy survives and kills the alien crew members as they threaten her, depending nothing on the main body of the remaining story and, of course, any similarity between *Inseminoid* and *Alien* is totally intentional. Except here is the basic idea contained in *Alien* is taken to its clearest extreme.

That isn't enough though, I don't want to give the impression that I'm condemning *Inseminoid* for this because I'm not. On the *Alien* exploitation conveyor belt it is far better than say, *Scorched to Death* or *Continuation* as it knows what its limitations are, doesn't try to extend them and as a result is surprisingly effective. Another surprise is that the cast, which is one of those producer package deals designed to please everybody and usually ends up the reverse, actually can bear the brunt of the two very weak performances from the token Americans, Robin Clarke and Jennifer Ashley. They are more than compensated for by a good selection of British actors whose faces you'll find instantly recognizable. Judy Geeson is absolutely first rate and I would have made that comment solely on her ability to scream except that she brings a very real and credible focus to the film especially in its latter stages. Ironically, I'm told

she hates the film, which is a shame as it is one of her best performances. Stephanie Beacham as the Sgeeray Weaver look-a-like is also excellent, but then, she always is.

A very welcome surprise is that the film is ably and assuredly directed by Norman J. Warren, a director who has been hovering around the lower regions of the exploitation stable for a long time and never seemed to get the opportunity to prove that he could do something more worthwhile than *Satan's Slave*, *Prey*, *The Outer Touch* and the marginally superior *Terror*. Obviously *Inseminoid* was the right script for him, written by Nick and Gloria Maley who admit to it being a synthesis of all their favourite ideas. There are also some unmistakable examples of Warren's own personal style with two of the death scenes bearing his particular trademark, ie the slower episode and Jennifer Ashley's murder. Winter Nick Maley was one of the team of make-up artists who worked on *Star Wars* and *Superman* and it was he who designed and operated the effective twin baby aliens as seen in the film. On the strength of *Inseminoid* Norman J. Warren has been approached by Roger Corman which is very good news indeed and hopefully his career will now properly take off.

The superior look the film has been its minuscule budget of £1 million and was mainly achieved by filming on location in Chislehurst caves which were fitted out to look like a subterranean working colony. *Inseminoid* is not faultless by any means. It is often predictable and sometimes downright ridiculous. I'm still questioning for example, that cheapness will be such a prominent feature on future space programmes, but I suppose I could be wrong. It's just that

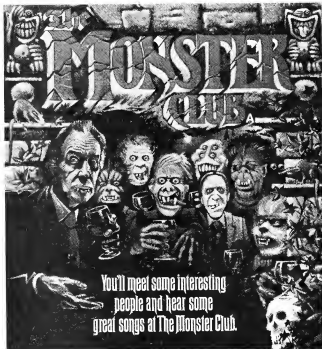
the film carries along at such a pace that you nearly almost forget that you've seen it all before. It plays by the rules of this particular type of film-making too. It takes a cynically popular sub genre of movie and lifts it back at an audience who really do want to see more of the same but in a slightly different way—or what has been termed the "appeal to genre expectations". In the case of *Inseminoid* I think this is more than successfully applied. It is far less routine and far more enjoyable than I had expected.

Inseminoid (1981)

Robin Clarke (Mark), Jennifer Ashley (Holly), Stephanie Beacham (Kate), Steven Grives (Gary), Barry Houghton (Mark), Rosalind Lloyd (Gail), Victoria Tennant (Barbara), Trevor Thomas (Mitch), Heather Wright (Sharon), David Sax (Rocky), Dominic Jephcott (Dean), Kevin O'Shea (Carm), Robert Pugh (Roy), John Segal (Jeff), Judy Geeson (Sandy). Directed by Norman J. Warren. Screenplay by Nick and Gloria Maley. Production manager Ray Corbett. Music by John Scott. Director of photography John Metcalfe. Edited by Peter Boyle. Production design by Hayden Pearce. Costumes by Orlina. Casting by Rose Tobin Shaw. Sound recordist Simon Okin. Makeup chief Sheila Thomas. Hairdresser Ross Carver. Continuity Alison Thorne. Special effects by Nick Maley. Produced by Richard Gordon and David Speedwell. Executive producer Peter M. Schlessinger.

Time: 93 mins

Cart X



JACK GILL PICTURES IN CINEMA PRODUCTIONS A SWORD AND SORCERY PRODUCTION

THE MONSTER CLUB

The new film that's too scary...

Vincent Price Donald Pleasence John Carradine Stuart Whitman Richard Johnson
Barbara Kellerman Britt Ekland Simon Ward Anthony Valentine Patrick Magee

Plus Songs by B.A. ROBERTSON NIGHT THE PRETTY THINGS THE VIEWERS

Soundtrack Music by JOHN WILLIAMS UB40 EXPRESSOS

Screenplay by EDWARD and VALERIE ABRAHAM From the Novel by N. CRETWYND-HAYES

Executive Producer BERNARD J. KINGHAM Produced by NELSON SRODTSKY Directed by ROY WARD BAKER

Soundtrack Album available on Chis Records CH1 LP2 Read the New English Library paperback

WARNER BROS. PICTURES

**ALL OVER LONDON FROM SUNDAY MAY 24
AND AT SELECTED CINEMAS ACROSS THE COUNTRY**

Regular Starburst film critic John Brosnan recently attended a preview screening of Milton Subotsky's new horror anthology offering, *The Monster Club*, and went home misty-eyed with nostalgia for the old Amicus horror movies.

THE MC

The one thing wrong with *The Monster Club* is the monster club itself—which is a bit of a set-back as the monster club is clearly supposed to be the picture's central attraction rather than the three short horror stories. These end up like three lone raisins in an undercooked piece of pastry. Frankly, some of the scenes in the club are a little embarrassing, such as the sight of poor, old John Carradine trying to dance.

The other drawback is that, with one exception, the musical members don't really enhance the proceedings but are more like interruptions in the flow of the film (biggest interruption of all was B.A. Robertson's awful song). The exception was the number by a group called "Night"—not only did their female lead singer convey some real excitement with her song "Stripper" but the number actually related to something that was going on in the club—the sequence where a stripper strips all the way down to her bonies (an effect executed with impressive ingenuity).

But the stories themselves are quite enjoyable and, in contrast to the scenes set in the monster club, presented with a fair amount of visual style and imagination, particularly the final one which features a number of John

Bolton's excellent illustrations. What's interesting about two of the stories is that they use monsters that haven't been exploited in movies before. The first one concerns a Shadmoock (presumably an original creation) who kills by whistling. He's played by James Laurenson in make-up that is presumably meant to suggest Lon Chaney's Phantom of the Opera but isn't frightening or grotesque enough to justify the horrified response of the girl (*Barbara Kellerman*) when she first sees him (I've seen people at at conventions who leave him for dead in the looks department). Still, it's an effective enough variation on a classical horror theme and has a suitably unpleasant ending. I particularly liked the party scene where all the Shadmoock's relatives, wearing masks, come to meet his reluctant bride-to-be. It reminded me of the ballroom scenes in Polanski's marvellous *Dance of the Vampires*.

The last story concerns ghouls—of the grave-robbing variety—and I can't think of another film in which real ghouls have featured (I know there was the Freddie Francis *Ghoul* and other films that have had ghoul in the title but none have been the genuine article). Again it's the



Above: Sam (Stuart Whitman) and Livia (Lesley Dunlop) in the last of the three stories. Below: Pickering (Donald Pleasence) of the "Bleeding" the B-Sound, gets his come-appearance at the hands—or rather, fangs—of Lon Chaney's father, the vampire.



MONSTER CLUB



Above: *R. Chastwynd Hayer* (John Carradine) becomes the wailing host of the vampire *Erasmus* (Vincent Price) in the opening sequences of *The Monster Club*. Below: Sam (Stuart Whitman) defends himself from the Ghouls



atmosphere rather than the script that gives this episode its punch, plus a nice performance by Lesley Dunlop as Luna, the girl who's only part-ghoul (it runs in the family).

The middle story, which originally came last until producer Milton Subotsky switched them around to give the picture a better balance, is the "comic relief" one and involves a young boy (Warren Saire) who discovers that his father (Richard Johnson) who has a mysterious night job is actually a vampire and is being hunted by a branch of the civil service that specialises in apprehending and staking vampires (it's similar to the department of Inland Revenue). It's quite good fun but the problem with it is that there is no real need for a comedy relief segment when there's already so much "comedy" surrounding it.

Mixing comedy and horror is a tricky business—too much comedy diffuses the horror element—and I'm afraid that with *The Monster Club* the mixture isn't completely successful. It seems to me that it would have all worked a lot better if the club and its inhabitants had been more overtly sinister (or even a little sinister) instead of merely silly. For instance, take *The Rocky Horror Show* which Mr Subotsky has compared *Monster Club* with—the grotesque inhabitants of Frank's/Furter's mansion are undeniably amusing but still retain a vaguely threatening quality.

Still, Mr Subotsky didn't make his movie for jaded old film reviewers like me but for the kids—his aim being to make a children's horror movie—and in that case it's possible he's been 100% successful. Even so I remember when I was a kid (back in the days when they used to spit atoms with a hammer and chisel) I liked my horror films straight and undiluted by comedy (even if it meant keeping my eyes closed most of the time) and I suspect that the moments in *Monster Club* that kids will most enjoy won't be those with the extras in the masks but ones like when Barbara Kellerman comes home to her boyfriend after being zapped by the Shadmoor... and where Donald Pleasence gets staked by his fellow vampire hunters. I know I did.

For all its flaws there's a lot to enjoy in *The Monster Club* and it was good seeing an old Amicus-style horror film again after all these years. And it was also good seeing Vincent Price again—70 years old now but as smooth as ever.

The HOWLING

Review by Tony Crawley

Los Angeles has become a city of fear. A vicious Ripper style murderer is on the loose, pouncing on helpless women from the shadows and leaving them in a terrible mess. The Murdering Messiah he calls himself. Or at least he does until the local constabulary catches up with him. A rookie cop corners him in a seedy sex shop, blowing him away in a hail of molten lead. His body is trussed up and dumped in a drawer in the city mortuary. The case of the Murdering Messiah is over. Except that when two tv news reporters ask to view the body, the attendant is more than mildly surprised to find that his charge has upped and left in the middle of the night. His guests just don't do that sort of thing.

So the Murdering Messiah (real name Eddie Quist, played by Robert Picardo) is back on the prowl again. The secret of Eddie's success? Why, he's a werewolf, of course. And the high-light of the movie is Eddie's big transformation scene.

Now before you yawn and say that you've seen too many transformation scenes already to get excited about yet another, be warned that Rob Bottin's Howling man-to-werewolf sequence is like nothing you've ever seen before. It's amazing! It ought to be. A team of fifteen or more people were responsible for creating, making-up, animating, operating and shooting it, with advice from make-up wizard Rick Baker.

In a murky-lit office, Eddie's face starts... swelling. Shifting. In fact, Eddie has bumps, protrusions, protuberances galore. And they all move. Rising and falling, going in and out like organ stops during a concerto.

The jaw-line moves forward... with sound effects like furniture being rushed to the ready by the St John Ambulance Brigade to deal with the sick and needy at the movie. It's a crunching sound, like a drawer being pushed out from inside a sideboard or desk.

The teeth get bigger. Sharper. Saliva is dripping everywhere. Ears start sprouting on the top of the head. Everything in sight - and it's not a pretty sight - is increasing in size. Face. Jaws. Body. Legs. Until the creature is suddenly long, tall, 7 or 8ft high. The biggest damned werewolf you ever did see.

After this impressive conversion Eddie makes short work of his chosen victim. Exit: Terry Fisher (Belinda Balaski). Enter - some time later - her fellow looking for her. "Hello brave boy," draws Picardo and starts his huffing and

puffing transformation games all over. Why not, it deserves an encore.

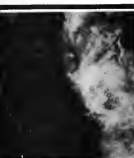
Like these quite astonishing effects, The Howling is terrific stuff. Quite the funniest movie I've caught so far this young year. The best time I've had in a cinema since The Shining. Though the audience at the private screening I attended in Paris seemed to take it all very seriously, indeed. The effects smudged the satire for them, perhaps, else they didn't understand English and couldn't keep their eyes on the sub-titles.



The comedy is more satirical than belly-laugh. And it helps if you are a student of werewolf movie trivia. For example, Patrick MacNee plays a character called Dr George Wegner (coincidentally the name of the director of the Lon Chaney Jr classic *The Wolfman*, 1941) who runs a country retreat for the last minority group in America: werewolves! Other characters include the already-mentioned Terry Fisher (director of the Oliver Reed Hammer effort *Curse of the Werewolf* in 1961) played by Belinda Balaski, Fred Francis (the man who helmed the Tyburn film *Legend of the Werewolf*) played by Kevin McCarthy, Lew Landers the who directed *Return of the Vampire* in 1944) played by Jim McKrell, Erle Kenton (the man responsible for 1944's *House of Frankenstein* and *House of Dracula*, 1945) portrayed by good old John Carradine. Werewolf movie directors all!

Wagner is a big favourite on the talk show circuit. Rambling on in his platitudinous manner about animal magnetism, the animal within us all, beauty and the beast, etc. A great propagandist, too.





Author of a best-seller called *The Gift*, which further, if obliquely refers to what he's really trying to do — educate the great unwashed to accept the werewolves in their midst. Not that he dares use that term. Yet.

The film is a richly-mounted and expertly-directed piece of fun from Joe Dante. He took the mick out of *Jaws* in *Piranha*. Now he sends up so many films in *The Howling*, it's difficult to count: *The Wolfman*, *Prophecy*, *The Incredible Hulk* and, would you believe, *Network*.

The credits are similarly crowded. At times the crew looks like a Corman family reunion, and the only reason jolly Roger's New World combine didn't back it, I suppose, was the hefty budget required for the effects. The fast-paced script hails, mainly, from Hollywood's new great hope, director John Sayles, who penned Dante's *Piranha* and the



recent *Battle Beyond the Stars*. Co-producer Michael Finnell survived both *Avantage* and *Rock 'n' Roll High School* — no mean achievement. One of the two executive producers, Daniel H. Blatt, was instrumental in his Palomar Pictures' days for getting *The Stepford Wives* made. And the effects wizard, Rob Bottin (he's also associate producer, and deserves the status) is a former apprentice of the great Rick Baker. Only 21, he has so far worked on *King Kong*, *Star Wars*, *The Furry*, *Piranha*, *Rock 'n' Roll High School*, *The Fog*, *Monster and Tanya's Island* (a beauty and the beast number with Rick back in his monkey suit).

Director Dante is, of course, a sheer product of Corman — editor of *The Arana*, *Grand Theft Auto* and *Fast Charlie* — *The Moonbeam Rider*, actor in Paul Bartel's *Cannonball*, co-director of the hilarious *Hollywood Boulevard*, co-writer of *Rock 'n' Roll High School* ... And the obvious reason why, when our heroine, Karen White (*See No Evil*), is scared stiff and stuck in a phone booth and thinks the guy standing outside must

be "him"? It turns out to be Roger Corman, himself. (Not that the French recognised him).

As we discover, Karen has been receiving phone calls from the Murdering Messiah and he's set up a date to meet and tell his side of the story. She goes off, the "brave little woman", wired to the hilt with police tracking equipment and mikas, none of which work.

So what happens to poor Karen? I'm not giving everything away! Suffice to say she blanks out the memory of it, except for these annoying flashes in her dreams. She needs tender loving care from De Wagner, is packed off to his funny farm ... and starts hearing howling late at night. Bill Neill (*Christopher Stone*) tells her its nothing. "Honey, you were raised in Los Angeles. The wildest thing you've ever heard is Wolfman Jack."

That's before he gets bitten by werewolfman Eddie Quist and begins his nocturnal mating with the most fetching discovery of the movie, Canadian-born actress of soap-operas and *Six Million Dollar Man* and *Night Stalker*, Elizabeth Brooks. She's Marsha Quist, Eddie's sister and just about the most satanic looking lovely to hit the fantasy circuit since Barbara Steele. And that's not an accolade I use lightly, being a founder member of the Barbara Steele Appreciation Society.

Coming (hopefully) to Karen's rescue are the fellow tv news workers, the unfortunate Terry Fisher (*Belinda Badaski*), Chris (*Dennis Dugan*), looking much older than his *Spaceman* and *King Arthur*. What I like about this couple (and indeed, the film) is that they're not going around pretending they've never heard of werewolves before. They know the folklore, the traditions — from the movie of course. In fact, they're watching the original Wagner's *Wolf Man* on the late-late show, the bit where Claude Rains explains to Maria Ouspenskaya how anyone bitten by a lycanthrope becomes one, just when Karen phones up with the news of hubby's big bite!

They continue to research, Dugan even has Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* on the desk! Then they visit a bookstore — cueing another pair of winning cameos from *Famous Monsters* editor Forrest J. Ackerman and Corman regular Dick Miller as the fast-talking teratologist, Walter Parsley. "You name it, I've got the book!" He knows all the old yarns too: lycanthropes rise from the dead and can only be knocked off with blessed silver. (Claude Rains used a silver-topped cane on Wolfman Chaney, remember?) Not that Parsley believes a word of it. "I'm making a buck here!" He does have a set of silver bullets though, blessed or otherwise, ordered by some nervous customer ... who never came back for 'em, Chris grabs them after Terry's phone call from the retreat and rushes off to the fiery



climax. He rescues Terry, and puts her on the studio for the night's tv news. But she strays somewhat from the teleprompter and has boss, Fred Francis (*Keweenaw McCarthy*), going "Wow!" as in the best *Network* tradition of Peter Finch's Howard Beale, she goes berserk on camera . . . red eyes shining, hair, fangs, ears sprouting like mad!

Out to a tv set in a diner downtown, "Amazon" what they can do with special effects these days," says one customer, as another is asked for her order. "Hamburger." "How'd like it?" "Rare!" It's Marsha, Alive and well and bucking for a Howling II.

The Howling (1981)

Dir Wallace (ex Keweenaw), Patrick Macnee (Dr George Waggoner), Dennis Dugan (Chris), Christopher Stone (Roy Wilkins), Belinda Bakula (Terry Fisher), Keweenaw McCarthy (Fred Francis), John Carmichael (Eric Kenton), Glen Plicker (Sherriff Sam Newfield), Elizabeth Brooks (Marsha Olson), Robert Picardo (Kiddie Quist), Marge Imper (Dorothy), Noble Willingham (Charlie Barron), James Murtagh (Jerry Warren), Jim McNabb (Lew Landolt), Dick Miller (Walter Ransley), and Kenneth Tobey, Steve Nail, Don MacLeod, Herb Broha, Joe Brancher, Bill Somerville, Mewach Taylor, Ivan Sene, Sene Sene, Chico Martinez, Daniel Norrie, Michael O'Dwyer, Wendell Wright, Regis Corvan, Ernest J. Anderson. Directed by Joe Dante, Script by John Sayles and Tarence J. Wickless, Photography by John Hora, Music by Pino Donaggio, Edited by Joe Dante and Mark Goldblatt, Art Director, Robert A. Burns, Sets by Steve Leglar, Sound by Douglas Vaughan, Costumes by Nancy G. Fox, Stunt Co-ordination by Roger Cross, Stunts by Bruce Barbour, Maurine Fields and John Mee, Stills by Laurel Moore. Special effects and make-up by Gary Cannon, Mechanical effects by Doug Sewick, Animation by David Allen, sequences created by Rob Batters (with Rick Baker) and produced by Steve and Jeff Shank, Film's Executive Producers Daniel H. Blatt, Steven A. Lasker, Produced by Michael Finkel, Jack Conrad. An Arco Embassy and International Film Investors production for UK release by Columbia-EMI-Warner.

Time: 90 mins

Cert: X



Top left: Elizabeth Brooks as Marsha Olson. Top center: Eddie O'Neil (Robert Picardo) depicts his transformation. Top right: Roy Wilkins (Christopher Stone) on the run. Above: How Eddie O'Neil is about halfway through his transformation to werewolf.

THE FUNHOUSE

Review by Alan Jones



A young girl steps into shower. Further down the corridor, her younger brother subjectively sees a Halloween mask, and as the camera pans with him into the bathroom, he attacks his sister with a knife. A rubber knife. This opening sequence sets the tone for *The Funhouse* as director Tobe Hooper constantly pulls the rug out from under our feet: the masks that are really only a joke, the smugging that suddenly turns homicidal. This opening also manages to dispense with two of the most famous horror images of our times and leaves you with no doubt that what will follow will be a true original. And it is. *The Funhouse* is all the fun of the fear with no disappointment. It is the Ghost Train ride we have always longed for but have never had.

Amy (Elizabeth Bernege) and her boyfriend Buzz (Cooper Huckabee) decide with their two friends, Richie (Miles Chapin) and Liz (Largo Woodruff), to go to the local carnival, despite having given assurances to Amy's parents that they wouldn't. Due to some similar unexplained circumstances that had happened the last time, the fun fair was in town. Having tired of the rides and the side-shows, Richie dares them all to spend the night in the Funhouse. They agree but once inside they witness the murder of the funhouse teller, Madeline Zeno (Sylvie Miles), at the hands of the Funhouse Barker's son (Wayne Doby). With all the entrance locked, Richie gives their presence away when he lighter slips out of his pocket and falls through the floorboards to land at the feet of the

murderer's father (Miles Comae). The game of cat and mouse through the darkened Funhouse begins.

The Funhouse is a visual treat, thanks to the Golby soundtrack, an aural treat. It outpaces and outscores any film in recent memory with its brilliant concept that gives seat edged tension. Will the next shock be a mechanical one? Or a dummy monster? Or the masked assassin? Or will they bump into each other as a false alarm and possibly even kill each other as a result? For these answers—see the film.

The unveiling of Rick Baker's mutant creations is superb. Sound and images blend managing to make up for any lack of surprise equally contained in such a scene, and especially if, like me, you had seen any pre-release material giving away the make-up design. The fact that the mutant takes off a Frankenstein mask to reveal himself is one of the many subtleties that Hooper injects into the film. Amy's destiny, the camera's indifference and what the mutant will actually look like are all given away in various scattered clues and it is precisely this sort of teasing that makes me like the film so much. Nothing could ever match the raw power of Hooper's legendary *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* but the climactic scene where Amy is confronted in the Funhouse's machine room comes pretty close as it is very reminiscent of the whole sequence from that particular film.

Unless you were told specifically, I don't think the film shows any sign of its production troubles, nor of

its constant script re-writes. Perhaps the striking imagery, the technical proficiency and Hooper's extraordinary talent for the sensibility of horror disguise it all too well. Whatever, *The Funhouse* is classy, and classic, and in a field where imagination seems to be a little thin on the ground lately, the stuff of which great nightmares are truly made.

The Funhouse (1981)

Elizabeth Bernege (Amy), Cooper Huckabee (Buzz), Miles Chapin (Richie), Largo Woodruff (Liz), Shewen Canon (Avery Harper), Joanne Austin (Mrs Harper), Jack McDermott (Mr Harper), Sylvie Miles (Madeline Zeno), Kevin Conway (Funhouse Barker), Wayne Doby (The Monster), Wilkom Frelley (Marco the Magnificent)

Directed by Tobe Hooper. Screenplay by Larry Black, Music by John Beel, Edited by Jack Hofstra, Director of photography Andrew Lasker, Production design by Morton Rebnawitz, Camera operator James Pergole, Special effects J. B. Jones, Special makeup design Rick Baker, Special makeup execution Craig Reardon, Produced by Derek Power and Steven Bernhardt, Associate producer Brad Neufeld, Executive producers Mace Neufeld and Mark L. Lester

Time: 96 mins

Cert: X



John Glen is the man responsible for those moments in recent Bond movies that prompt the audience to burst in spontaneous applause — those moments that stick in your memory when the rest of the movie has faded. For instance, he shot the pre-credits sequence of *The Spy Who Loved Me* where Bond went skiing off the top of a cliff and seemed to fall thousands of feet before his back-pack unexpectedly blossomed into a Union Jack parachute. He also directed the opening scenes in *Moonraker* where Bond was pushed out of a plane without a parachute but saved himself by swiping one of his attacker's parachutes in mid-air. . . .

Glen has been editor and 2nd unit director on three previous Bonds but with *For Your Eyes Only* he's been promoted by Bond producer Cubby Broccoli to overall director of the film. I spoke to him earlier this year shortly after the principal shooting had been completed and he was about to supervise the editing of the picture, though one unit was still in Northern Italy doing stunt work (tragically, on the very day I interviewed Glen, one of the Italian stuntmen was killed during filming).

Glen, a softly spoken man in his late forties, was obviously relieved that the bulk of the work had been completed and was looking forward to getting into the editing. I asked him how he had become involved with the Bond series in the first place.

"Peter Hunt, who directed *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, 'discovered' me if you like. I'd been working on tv doing a lot of action direction in shows like *Dangerman* and *Man in a Suitcase* so Peter invited me to go out to Switzerland, mainly to do the bob-run sequence but after I'd been there a few weeks I inherited all the 2nd unit work. That was the first time I met Cubby Broccoli and Harry Saltzman. I didn't really work on another Bond film until *The Spy Who Loved Me* when the director, Lewis Gilbert, asked me to do a similar job. . . ."

I asked whether, in those days, he had been primarily an editor or a 2nd unit director. "Well, prior to this film I only used to take assignments where I was both the editor and the 2nd unit director."

A STARBURST JOHN

Author of the definitive James Bond
John Brosnan talks to the
For Your

I edited *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* but Peter Hunt was an editor as well so you can say we had plenty of editors on that one . . ."

Having seen OHMSS on tv again recently I mentioned to Glen that the editing in that film seemed much faster than usual. "Yes, and on television it's almost too fast because that extra frame per second or whatever it is when they project films on tv seems to make a big difference. It's strange. The original reason for the fast pace was because we were breaking in a new Bond, George Lazenby, and the idea was to surround him with a lot of expensive action. The film was basically very long — it was one of the longest Bonds — so we felt obliged to speed it up where possible. People would ask: 'How long is it exactly?' and no one would ever tell the truth. There were arguments about just how long it was, with people timing it with stop watches, etc. We knew how long it was, of course — it was too long! Eventually, after the first release, I think they cut 10 minutes out of it."

How difficult was it, I asked, to come up with new ideas for the spectacular pro-credits sequences in the Bonds? "Very difficult because we've set such a high standard for ourselves — and I suppose I really got the chance to direct *For Your Eyes Only* mainly because of my opening title sequences. It's a challenge to think up something that's going to grip people and be original. There aren't too many sports or activities that you can utilise for these opening scenes which haven't already been done. And invariably an American tv movie will get there before you — they may not be well done but they get into everything. Sometimes, you get an idea for an action sequence when you go on a race before you start shooting. The actual terrain itself gives you an idea. For this film we went to Corfu on a race and it gave us all sorts of ideas — for a car chase, for instance. I wanted to do another car chase in this film and had a lot of opposition to it because people said: 'Oh, not another one! Everything that can be done with cars has been done.' Yet there will always be car chases in movies and there will always be original ones. So when we went

Opposite top: John Glen directs Roger Moore on the set of *For Your Eyes Only*. Opposite centre: Melina Havelock (Carole Bouquet) runs into a little trouble. Opposite below: The *For Your Eyes Only* team assembled — (left to right) first assistant director Anthony Wray, stunt arranger Bob Stromboli, star Roger Moore, producer Albert Broccoli, director John Glen and executive producer Michael Golan.



INTERVIEW with GLEN

In the *Glean* and *Starburst* regular
actor of the new Bond movie,
Eyes Only.

to Corfu and looked at the locations, various ideas struck us and before we knew it we had another car chase... and an original one."

I asked about the filming of the stunning pre-credits sequence in *Moonraker*. "Well, I knew very little about free-falls until I worked on *The Wild Geese* and directed a free-fall sequence, which gave me an indication of what one could do. And then, when the *Moonraker* idea came up, we got in touch with an outfit called Big Sky and it was quite amazing what these blokes could do using a specially-made camera stuck on a helmet..."

"The technical problem was to work out a way of opening the cameraman's chute without breaking his neck because of the extra weight on his head. If you're falling head-first and you suddenly hit the chute, as they do, you suddenly get whipped round with an extra 7 pound weight on your head — which is what the camera weighed — and that can be a terrific strain on your neck muscles. So the cameraman had to have a roofing line fixed to his chute so that his chute would open very, very slowly. It used to horrify me to see him tying this great piece of rope over his chute to stop it opening properly but he knew what he was doing."

"The whole sequence took basically a little over 3 weeks to shoot. It turned out to be one of our most economical units — it was a small one and very well organised. We had projection facilities at the aerodrome because we were never sure what we'd shot in the air until we saw it on a screen, then we'd program our retakes into the schedule. The retakes were a constant process. I went down to San Francisco one weekend and cut a lot of footage together to see how we were going because I was beginning to forget what we'd shot and what we hadn't shot. Putting it together was a great help because it encouraged everybody in the unit to see what we'd achieved so far..."

Glen confirmed that, of course, the stunt men had worn parachutes under their jackets (there is a limit to what stuntmen are prepared to do, even on a Bond film) and agreed with me that the scene where Bond puts his hands by his sides and starts to swoop down on the other man is a marvellous moment. "But funnily enough," he said, "it was one of our easier shots to do because that's how the free-fall parachutists normally accelerate — by putting their hands back — and decelerate by putting their hands forward, but it's a lovely scene, particularly when you've got the Bond theme in the background. It's very Bondian."

I asked what they'd done for the pre-credits sequence in *For Your Eyes Only*. "We've got a spectacular helicopter sequence which is different from any other helicopter sequence you've seen



Above: On location with the crew of For Your Eyes Only. John Glen stands behind the camera as Roger Moore goes through his paces as James Bond. Above right: Director John Glen going up a shot on location in Northco Italy

before. What makes it different I can't tell you — it would spoil the surprise — but every school boy is going to love it, I'm sure. We shot it in a huge derelict gasworks area in London's East End... and in one scene we actually flew a helicopter through one of the huge Purification Sheds..."

At what point, I asked, did he become involved with the development of *For Your Eyes Only*? "Very early on. I first arrived on the scene in the middle of May 1980 when I had a series of meetings with Cubby. He didn't specifically say I was

going to direct it but he said he hoped I'd be associated with it in my usual capacity. I started with the film on the 1st of June, 1980, at which stage all they had was a 4 page synopsis. I was lucky to be in on it that early — it's very, very important to be involved with the scripting of a movie if you're the director because then you feel free to adapt it as you're filming."

Where did the basic idea come from? "I think it was an idea worked out by Michael Wilson, the executive producer, and Cubby Broccoli, and I think Richard





Maibaum was brought in fairly early, and then this 4 page synopsis was then developed into a full script. The basic plot is based on the one short story actually titled *For Your Eyes Only*. It's a very well-written story about this girl out for revenge. It's one of the strongest themes we've ever had for a Bond film, particularly from the woman's point of view. The other two main characters, Columbo and Kristatos, come from the short story *Risico* which was set in Greece and was about drug smuggling. We incorporated incidents from both stories

as well as incidents that we've not been able to film in the past. For instance, we've got the keel-hauling sequence from the novel of *Live and Let Die* which wasn't used in the film version."

For *Your Eyes Only* was obviously very different in approach from *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Moonraker* — was this a deliberate policy on their part? "Yes, we wanted the film to be more on the form of the earlier Bonds, when they were straight Fleming thrillers. I hope it will approach *From Russia With Love* in style — which is a particular favourite of

mine. *Moonraker* was really about as far as Bond could have gone in that direction — the hardware direction. The Bonds have always prided themselves on being the originators of certain styles in the cinema and at the time we were making *Moonraker* the big idea was to coincide with the launch of the American space shuttle. The whole film was in fact geared to be released at the same time as the launch but we got here before the Americans. In fact the shuttle still hasn't been launched, but that was the whole thought behind *Moonraker*. I feel that if we hadn't done *Moonraker* when we did we wouldn't have gone in that direction at all because there were so many Star Wars type movies coming out by the time *Moonraker* was released and the whole space thing had become over-exposed.

"There are no science fiction elements in *For Your Eyes Only* — the emphasis is on the people and their characters. We haven't got the grand sets just for the sake of making peoples' eyes pop out. We purposely haven't gone that way. We don't have Jaws either. We had him in two films and very successful he was too . . ."

On the subject of Jaws I asked Glen if he and the other Bond people accepted the criticism that the humour in *Moonraker* had at times gone over the top? "Yes, I think there is a danger with the Bond humour because it's a very finely balanced thing and you're never quite sure whether you're going a little too far in one direction. One hopes for humour that is 'Bondian' humour and not 'Carry On' that is sometimes the line is very thin and you have to pull back from a situation where you think — well, that's a little too bizarre. On the other hand, life itself is bizarre . . ."

"Roger Moore is, of course, the great mainstay of the Bonds, and I think he's on very good form in this one. His humour is different to Connery's though — no one would disagree with that. We haven't got that many one-liners in the film this time. We've got several but not that many. That's not to say there aren't a lot of laughs in it but the humour is in the action. And sometimes the laughs aren't planned at all when you get



Far left: James Bond (Roger Moore) has a slight difference of opinion with one of the bad guys in *For Your Eyes Only*. Centre: Bond and arch-villain Kristatos (Julian Glover) come face to face. Left: Producer of the Bond series Albert "Cubby" Broccoli.

following page . . .
Top: Shunt arranger Bob Simmons runs through a routine with Roger Moore.
Above: Director John Glen clowns around with a pair of sticks while an Italian in Northern Italy with *For Your Eyes Only*.

them..."

Knowing of the legal wrangle that's prevented the use of either SPECTRE or Ernst Strava Blofeld in recent Bonds (Blofeld was last seen being bounced up and down in his mini-sub on the end of a crane in *Diamonds Are Forever* 10 years ago) I was very curious to know if Bond's arch-opponent would ever make a reappearance. "Well, Blofeld is still loitering around. He's sort of in *For Your Eyes Only* in a funny kind of way. He's sort of in the opening — the presence is there. We've kept him alive because no doubt he will rear his ugly head one of these days in another Bond. I remember when we were making *The Spy Who Loved Me* we had armies of lawyers down there watching every bit of film we shot preparing themselves in case there was any trouble but I don't believe that's a problem any more. I think it's been brushed under the carpet, I certainly wasn't aware of it this time..."

Is SPECTRE actually mentioned in *For Your Eyes Only*? "No, Blofeld isn't even mentioned by name. It's just by a suggestion."

I asked how Glen had found being responsible for the direction of the whole picture instead of just the 2nd unit. "I found it all fascinating. The most difficult part was the preparation before we started shooting. I've always suspected that that is where your film is basically made — in the construction of the script, the casting and the organisation of the shooting schedule. The shooting itself is important, of course, but if you've got good preparation then the shooting becomes very pleasurable. I was very, very relaxed on the floor during *For Your Eyes Only* apart from possibly the first week when I went a couple of days behind schedule. But overall I was surprised at how relaxed I was..."

Did he miss doing the 2nd unit work? "Yes, I think it's true to say that 2nd unit work is very exciting and I love doing action work. One of the reasons I like it is that you only have the responsibility for a particular sequence but you don't have overall responsibility for the whole picture and it's very nice at the end of the day — if the sequence has worked well — to get a pat on the back from the director."

Did he want to continue working as a director? "Well, yes, obviously my ambition is to remain a director from now on, if anyone will hire me. Everything depends on the outcome of this film which is why it's so important to me. I haven't thought any further than this film at the moment."

Would he, I asked, be prepared to direct another Bond? "Oh yes. They're very pleasurable films to make — they're a lot of fun — but I wouldn't want to work on just Bonds alone. I'd like to direct other types of films as well but I'd

certainly direct another Bond if I had the chance."

Are there any plans for the next one yet? "Oh, I'm sure there are. I don't know if they've decided on a title yet but there will certainly be another Bond. Several, I would hope. There's still Octopussy to do and then, of course, you could start remaking them if you wanted

to. You could have Dr Yes... [laughs]. I'm sure James Bond is going to be around for a long time to come."

And one hopes that John Glen will be too. From what I've seen of *For Your Eyes Only* so far it looks as if it's going to be one of the best Bonds in years. In which case Mr Glen's future is assured... and we wish him every success.



WEREWOLVES of the MOVIES

a feature by
Phil Edwards

Two years ago the cinema looked all set for a vampire movie revival. There was Hecolig's stylish remake of *Dracula* which did \$8.6m. Kinoko as the screen's most menacingly vampiric. George Forman played it for laughs in the low budget but highly successful *Love At First Bite*. Frank Langella made the news, most as racist blood sucker since China Lee killed his rings in 1996 in John Badham's lurid satirical production of *Dracula*—a film that deserved more success than most but inexplicably died at the box office.

[1896 was the Year of the Vampire then 1901 a whiplash as the Year of the Werewolf.] Cinema legends do hard—particularly these of a lycanthropic nature.

The first recorded werewolf movie was made in 1913 and called simply *The Werewolf*. It was based on American folklore rather than the European variety (later to be replicated by Hollywood). Warner brothers Universal made a werewolf picture in 1934 called *The White Wolf* which again based on native American legend.

The first big Hollywood version of

lycanthropy was in 1935 and once again Universal Pictures were responsible. *The Werewolf of London* starred Henry Hull as a baronet searching the mysterious Himalayas for a rare flower. He is attacked by a werewolf played by Warner Oland who later became famous as Charlie Chan in several plot baring 8 movies. Much of the Hollywood take of the werewolf was lost out in the film. *Spring-Heeled Jack* in 1935. *Werewolf of London* seems pretty tame today, although there is much to admire in the film, from Jack Palance's villainous to Henry Hull's over-the-top performance.

The next big fanny into werewolf territory came in 1941. Universal's *The Wolf Man* directed by George Waggner, was awarded A future production values and a strong cast. Claude Rains, Bela Lugosi and Warren William were all big names under contract to the studio at the time. To give the title character, Universal cast Lon Chaney who, like, was years previously had won critical acclaim for his role of Luring in *Of Mice and Men*. The serial fan *The Wolf Man* was written by Curt Goetz who had started his film career in 1926 when he took part in

Metropolis as an extra. In 1932 he wrote the script for the German film *FFI Does Not Answer* and in 1933 Goodrich moved to Hollywood. There he was the screenwriter for the super camp *My Darling Clementine* which starred Ray Milland. Goodrich Lando and a bunch of man-eating airplanes. *The Invisible Man Returns*, *The Invisible Woman*, *The Age and Back*, *Friday*, the Kermit Luger (1940), all in 1940. Following his script for *The Wolf Man*, Goodrich wrote the well known and often filmed novel *Goodrich's* *Shen* as well as *Beastly Agent* (1942), *Sea of Devils* (1942), *I Married with a Zombie* (1943), *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman* (1943), *House of Frankenstein* (1944) and *The Beast With Five Fingers* (1946). Later credits included *Crashout* with the *Atomic Bomb* (1950) and *Ray Harryhausen's* *Birth in the Flying Saucers* (1956). Goodrich also wrote his hand in directing *Bye of the Devil* (1963), *Nightmare on Elm Street* (1983), *Conan, Blood of the Amazon* (1956) and the superbly titled *Love Slaves of the Amazon* in 1967.

It was Goodrich who introduced werewolf lore to the movies in much the same

way that Bram Stoker had adapted existing vampire legend for his novel *Dracula* in 1897. Silver bullets and silver topped canes, prophylactic, the full moon and wolfbane were all elements adopted by Goodrich to suit his screenplay. He even invented a name which had passed into movie mythology so successfully that many people consider it genuine.

Even a man who's gone to hell
And says his prayers by night,
They become a wolf when the
wolfbane blooms
And the waning moon is bright.

Universal's *The Wolf Man* proved highly successful and like all his films covered several imitations. Rouben Mamoulian's *The Mad Werewolf* in 1942 with Glavin Strang playing the hairy one and George Zucco hammering it up as the mad scientist. 20th Century Fox shot an above-average lycanthropic thriller, *The Unholy Descent*, in 1942. It was atmospherically directed by John Brahm who would later be responsible for some of the most impressive reboots of *The Outer Limits* TV series.



With interest in the Frankenstein monster spinning off into *Sas of Frankenstein* in 1929, Universal decided to have the man-made creature team up with their new star. *The Wolf Man* in *Frankenstein* across the Wolfman (1942) Lon Chaney Jr. once again played the wolf. Lawrence Talbot, as Boris Lugosi's villainous Frankenstein monster. The film proved reasonably successful and the same year Columbia produced a similar horror movie to push in. *Batman* all the *Vampire* had Lugosi back as the red head, once as a Dracula look-alike named Armand Trask. Then Wilks played the werewolf who, after spending most of the film's running time as the vampire's servant, reveals his humanity and desires his master with the vampire's classic threat — sunlight and a stake through the heart. The film was competently directed by Law. London and relied heavily on the style and atmosphere of the Universal horrors for its effect.

The following year saw yet another

entry from Columbia, *Cry of the Werewolf* which starred Nina Fuchs as the sheep changing monster. In 1944 Universal also moved Lawrence Talbot for the first of their all star movie raffles, *House of Frankenstein*. Lon Chaney Jr. played the Wolf Man and was succeeded by John Carradine as Dracula. Boris Karloff as Dr. Nikolaus Blame. Strange as the Frankenstein monster and J. Carroll Nash as the movie's hunch-backed assistant. A lot of grade B rubbish stuff, but highly enjoyable for all that. So successful was *House of Frankenstein* that Universal moved all the monsters over the road the following year to the *House of Dracula*.

In the story, Lawrence Talbot events in consult Dr. Edman (Graham Greene) in the hope that he may be able to cure him of his lycanthropic form. Dracula (Carradine) also shows up with the classic Gothic long they are all at each other's throats and the final scene has Talbot hunting himself and Dracula from the balcony of Edman's castle.

Universal next turned out *The She Wolf of London*, probably hoping to cash in on the audience who had enjoyed *Wolfman* of London, their initial foray into the field. The film was a disaster. The film contained no werewolf, just a crazed killer stalking around with a garden fork as an attempt to convince Jane Lockart that she was the victim of the "Yellow Curse".

By 1948 the cycle of horror movies was well and truly reaching its end and the cinema was preparing itself for the next fantasy episode — the science fiction thriller. Universal were determined to bring at least one more film out of their heavily copyrighted classics. *Attack of the Crab Monsters* was in fact a very entertaining film and director Charles Barton rightly decided to play the monster scenes straight. Lugosi was back as Dracula, Glenn Strange as Frankenstein's Monster and Lon Chaney Jr. once again played Larry Talbot. *Attack of the Crab Monsters* is still

good fun and remains the career day's best film.

Columbia Pictures returned to wolf man territory in 1955 with a well made B film called *The Werewolf* directed by Fred Sen. The film owed little to the werewolf mythology so carefully constructed by Hollywood. Glenn Ford played a real accident victim who is unfortunately over the blood of a wolf by a couple of right-thinking scientists. They were looking for an answer to red-men poisoning — logic instead plays a part in *Howie* film. The *Werewolf* was atmospherically shot and gave us some good sequences, the most outstanding being a scene in which the monster is killed and attacks its victims with his right hand of a just end.

1957 saw one of the silver screen's most over-the-top movies ever. *Michael Landon* just two years from becoming a life of a *Howie* and still more years from the silver screen's *Little House on the Prairie*, was the title character of *I Was a Teenage Werewolf*. Directed by Gene



No, the Italians haven't been quicker off the mark than usual in copying the latest horror trend as *Werewolf Women* dates back to 1976. The film did have a brief, and heavily cut, airing in the U.S.A. in 1979 as *Legend of the Wolf Women* but it has only now just surfaced on these shores. Somehow I think its stay will be just as short.

Werewolf Women purports to reveal the facts behind an actual case history as recorded by the Italians in 1968. Daniela Borelli (Annik Borel) believes she is the reincarnation of her ancestor, buried all the while for metamorphosing into a Wolf Woman and biting huge chunks out of her victim's necks — a habit that she is copying with alarming regularity whenever there is a full moon. First she kills her sister's husband, then another patient at the mental hospital, then the man who picks her up hitch-hiking, then ... Well, you get the rough idea.

The predilections of Italian horror cinema, like sadism and gruesome violence, are very much in evidence here but neither aspects are particularly memorable. Director Rino Di Silvestro is no Dario Argento or Mario D'Avino, that's for sure. What little lycanthropic activity there is, is confined to the short prologue which has the aforementioned Miss Borelli playing her ancestor and covered from head to toe in thick hair. Keeping in mind what sort of film this is though, the hair isn't so thick that you can't differentiate certain



parts of her anatomy through it. Disappointingly, the legend is just that, a legend and Daniela's psychological excuse for indulging in his homicidal mania, while blocking out the real reason for her traumatic condition which is because she was raped as a teen.

True fans do not need me to tell them that being a completist often requires peruse of the most demanding kind and watching *Werewolf Women* unfortunately falls into that category. The introduction of a subplot about Daniela finding a "cure" by telling in love with a scientist does nothing to save the already dispirited storyline which is a pity as it is the only part of the film which I found remotely interesting.

Werewolf Women's problem is that it tries to please all of the people all of the time. There is too much sexual content for your average horror enthusiast and if I have made the right assessment of the audience I saw it with in a small Sebo cinema, there is far too much horror for the gentlemen who frequent the type of cinemas it seems to be playing in.

I am indebted to Tom Milne in the Monthly Film Bulletin who points out that Annik Borel is possibly a pseudonym borrowed from Ferris (Le Lycanthrope) Borel. I don't think that claim of Italianism or sadism or as trivial as it may be, far more interesting than anything in the actual film itself.



Movies: Animal House and The Shogun Brothers, a coming Am American *Werewolf* in London. Written by Lemley and the film is, in Lemley words, "an extremely horrifying horror movie that also happens to be very funny". It was the seeming paradox that kept the story on its feet so long. But all said with bits of success behind him, Lemley has found himself in the same league as Steven Spielberg after *Jaws*. He can name his own projects. Do he can, so long as his films are successful at the box office.

Joe Dante began his career writing for *Grease* of Franky's magazine in the 60s. He started working for Roger Corman in the acting rooms putting together trailers for the New World stage and began falling off the wall and read 30s Dante collected *Hollywood Boulevard* in 1970. On the strength of the success of that film he received the backing from Corman to direct *Pumpkin*, an affectionate, low-budget parody of 50s B films with just a few bits of *Jaws* thrown in. Actually, *Pumpkin* was a half way good

movie, quite an interesting job. Dante invited all the *Jaws* and *Halloween* that he had been in the *Jaws* department. There was even a trace of *Jaws* in the movie in the form of a cure little monster glimpsed briefly in the mysterious abandoned army installation from which the board of *Jaws* parishes springs. Dante has also completed *The Howling* (see review on page 14), based on Gary Brandner's slambor book set in the same name.

The outside material of *The Howling* is a poorly written novel which manages to mix enough violence and sex into its story of an isolated community of werewolves to rocket it into the paper back best sellers list. Happily, Dante has picked much of the novel's points and is in favor of a more cinematic treatment. The special effects are the work of Rick Baker, a protégé of Rick Baker. It was Baker who developed the transformation techniques for *Lamb: An American Werewolf* in London. Baker used similar techniques for Dante's *Howling*



Below: The classic monster of *Halloween's* Curse of the Werewolf (1967) after the werewolf, Leon (Clayton Rood), being shot down by his brother, James. Don Amadio, left, the producer, French painter worked for the film.

and they include sophisticated hand puppets as well as accomplishing the difficult process of an access time to the point of the film's of special work. *Howling* The *Howling* may lack in the story department, and from all reports the film is short on story development, it more than makes up for in its special effects.

Larry Cohen, who gave us the schlock classic *It's Alive* and the sequel *It Lives Again*, has made *Full Moon High*, yet another scholarly spot of the werewolf theme with Adam Bock of *Alien* as the "Young Werewolf". Yet another attempt of make up with Rick Baker. Steve Neill, creator of the hairy effects, of *Full Moon High* is as well as some of Cohen's other films into horror movie territory, notably the recently released *Demise* then known as *God Told Me*. Too then it could prove to be the most entertaining of the bunch and also the most easily distributed.

A more serious treatment of werewolves and not strictly a werewolf film is

Highly due for release through Warner Bros. later in the year. The film tells the story of a group of super intelligent werewolves running a desert and desert area of the desert. Many details have remained in the area over the years, though the issue has been attributed to urban legends. The film is directed by police detective Albert S. Lewis. *Highly* is directed by Michael Wollschlaeger, who is also remembered for directing and co-directing the cinema operation on the classic rock concert *Halloween*. *Highly* is up for *Highly* is the work of C. F. Fulkerson who also contributed similar choice to the long awaited *Alien* series.

How successful this more recent version of the werewolf will be depends on the success of the film, both of which, and more importantly as far as *Highly* is concerned, financially if one of them proves the season's success hit as *Halloween* did then that's all. Then we can expect even more from the more *Full Moon* banders.

This page: While indulging in a little carnal high jinx with the devastatingly lovely Mesite Quist (*Elizabeth Bracks*), Ray William Nells (second after the director of *Frankenstein Meets the Wolfman*, 1943 and played by Christopher Stone) begins to transform into his animal self. *Below left:* Early on in the masterful transformation sequence Eddie Quist (*Robert Picardo*) digs a finger into a wound in his forehead and extracts a bullet which is

lodged there after an earlier incident. *Below center:* Eddie's transformation is about halfway through at this point. Veins pulsate beneath his skin and his eyes bulge hideously. For some idea of what he looks like at the end of the sequence take a look at our front cover this issue. *Below right:* The cause of Ray Nells' wolfish behavior, Mesite Quist (Eddie's sister, played by Elizabeth Bracks).



Below: Astronaut Poole (Gary Lockwood) is recovered by Astronaut Bowman (Kirk Dullea) piloting a one-man space pod. Center: Bowman leaves the pod hanging in the space pod, in an effort to rescue Poole. Right: Poole in the control room of the space ship. Below right: In a desperate attempt to outwit the menacing computer Hal 9000, Bowman makes a desperate leap across the vacuum of space from the space pod to the airlock of the Jupiter probe ship.



2001 a space

Just after **2001** was released in 1968 that's was a story going around that wasn't something like this. When Arthur C. Clarke was asked by a journalist what the film was about he replied, *I don't know. Ask Stanley Kubrick.* On the other side of the world Kubrick was being asked the same question and his reply was, *I don't know. Ask Arthur Clarke!*

In answer to the question, *What was the metaphysical message of 2001?* Kubrick answered, in a *Playboy* interview in 1968, "It's not a message that I ever intend to convey in words. **2001** is a non-verbal experience; out of two hours and nineteen minutes of film, there are only a little less than 40 minutes of dialogue. I tried to create a visual experience, one that bypasses verbalized pigeonholing and directly penetrates the subconscious with an emotional and philosophic content. To paraphrase McLuhan, in **2001** the message is the medium. I intended the film to be an intensely subjective experience that reaches the viewer at

an inner level of consciousness, just as music does; to 'negate' a Barthrean syndrome would be to invalidate it by erecting an artificial barrier between conception and appreciation. You're free to speculate as you wish about the philosophical and allegorical meaning of the film — and such speculation is one indication that it has succeeded in gripping the audience at a deep level — but I don't want to spell out a verbal road map for **2001** that every viewer will feel obligated to pursue or else fear he's missed the point. I think that if **2001** succeeds at all it is in reaching a wide spectrum of people who would not often give a thought to man's destiny, his role in the cosmos and his relationship to higher forms of life. But even if the case of someone who is highly intelligent, certain ideas found in **2001** would, if presented as abstractions, feel rather lifelessly and be automatically assigned to put intellectual categories, experienced as a moving visual and emotional context; however, they can resonate within the deepest fibres of one's being."

What Kubrick was saying of course is that he made the film and it's up to the individual to make of it what he wants. Many people did. Lots of people smoked stumps and illegal substances before and during screenings and tripped out on the light show ending. The film's backers, MGM were quick to latch on to that particular audience, billing subsequent releases of **2001** as "The Ultimate Trip". Hard core of literature fans came out of the film wearing / read you so expressions, saying, and rightly so, that film had at last caught up with themes and ideas that were old hat ten years before **2001** was made. Before **2001**, science fiction cinema wallowed in a pulpiness only vaguely removed from the yellowing pages of magazines from the 30s like *Amazing* and *Amazing*.

Certainly the special effects of **2001** stunned filmgoers all over the world. Gone were the tacky space ships of the 50s and 60s and all the technical improbabilities that so many science fiction films expended. **2001** made science fiction respectable on the screen. Other



Odyssey

Thirteen years ago MGM released a movie which was to set the tone for every space film that followed. And even now Stanley Kubrick's *2001* has a strong cult following. *Starburst* looks at the genesis of this landmark motion picture in another of the *SF Classics* series by Phil Edwards.

Viewers were head right by Kubrick's strongly sterile vision of the future. The movie had no stars — still important in 1968 — for older audiences to identify with. It lacked direct narrative plotting, or so it seemed on one viewing. And that was, and is, the great strength of *2001*. The film, it seems more than once, awards in a way quite unique in the annals of science fiction cinema.

2001 gave film theorists, both professional and amateur a field day. Long-winded articles about the "real" meaning of *2001* cluttered the pages of magazines in a dozen different languages. Usually they were as witless and wrong-headed as the film was clear thinking and sleek. In terms of narrative film-making technique, *2001* was ahead of its time. Or if you like, Kubrick revived narrative style last seen in the great days of the silent cinema. As far as *2001* is concerned, a comparison between Eisenstein and Kubrick is not too far wide of the mark.

The basis for *2001* was a short story written





Top: A space ship approaches the space wheel, matching its rate of rotation to that of the space station. Above left: A group of astronauts ascends the ramp leading to the excavation on the moon's surface to gaze at the recently discovered Monolith. Above right: A behind-the-scenes photograph of the same scene. Note the camera in the bottom left of the picture.

by Arthur C. Clarke and published in 1950. Called *The Sentinel*, it told the tale of a strange alien pyramid discovered on the Moon.

The first step in turning this six-page story into a film was the writing of a novel by Kubrick and Clarke which would serve as the basis for a screenplay. The two took two years to write the book, which was to be called *Journey Beyond the Stars*, a title also slated for the film. It was to be an epic adventure set in space. Speaking in 1985, Kubrick described the story as comparable to Homer's *Odyssey*. "It occurred to us that for the Greeks the vast stretches of the sea must have had the same sort of mystery and remoteness that space has for our generation. . . . *Journey to the Stars* also shares with the *Odyssey* a concern for wandering, exploration and adventure."

At that point in the film's genesis, Kubrick hoped to have the feature ready for a late 1966 release. A space epic was indeed envisaged, but not quite as spectacular as the film finally turned out.

Shooting commenced on December 29, 1965 at MGM's Borehamwood Studios. It was here that the opening *Owner of Men* sequence

was shot. For these scenes Kubrick sent a camera crew to Africa to take still shots of deserts and rock formations. These right by ten inch transparencies were front projected onto a forty by ninety foot screen. The apes in the film were of course actors in costumes, apart from two shy baby chimps. The ape make-up was devised by Stuart Freeborn who had turned Peter Sellers into three different characters for Kubrick's previous film, *Dr. Strangelove*. In a recent interview, Freeborn recalled, "Undoubtedly 2001 was a most challenging project which called for as many as twenty six actors each day wearing fully articulated masks over a period of nearly three months."

The Owner of Men sequence shows the discovery by a group of primordial apes of the monolith — the alien artifact left by extraterrestrials as a teaching machine. Ape becomes intelligent man when he discovers the use of tools — and the ability to kill with weapons.

With *Moon Watcher*, the ape leader hurling his newly discovered bone into the sky, Kubrick catapults the audience 4 million years into the future. Man has conquered space and a second monolith has been found, this time

buried on the moon. This sequence in which the spinning bone becomes a space ship has come to be recognized as one of the classic images of science fiction cinema. Kubrick introduced his audience to spectacles the like of which the cinema screen had never before seen.

The space wheel still under construction in deep space, the *Owner* passenger cruiser and the Moon shuttle *Aries* were all grazed with a technical design fully approved by NASA. The detailing on the often large models came from a multitude of plastic kit parts, ranging from tanks to airplanes models. The size of the models and the ultra fine detail work allowed the cameras to move in close without destroying the illusion of reality.

The look of the ships in 2001 set a new standard, still echoed today in the model work of *Star Wars* and *Empire Strikes Back*. If for no other reason, it is the aspect of 2001 which it makes a landmark film. However the real influence of 2001 is the simple fact that it was the first science fiction film to command real critical respect. Certainly the early space films of George Pal had received good notices and

the ultimate

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

HIGHLY ORIGINAL BY STANLEY KUBRICK, PRODUCED BY JACOB

had the help of people like Chesley Bonestell and Robert Heinelein, but they were still accepted on a juvenile level and aimed at a teenage market.

Many models were designed for the film but were never used. In many cases it was not the model that was filmed against the starfields, rather it was a photograph of the model which was manoeuvred around an animation stand to achieve the required results. An example of this is the sequence showing the approach to the Moon's surface by the *Aries* shuttle. The Moon's surface was a photograph of the moon shot through a telescope and enlarged. The *Aries* which moves towards the surface was another photograph. This technique helped conquer the problems of depth of field usually associated with filming models.

Huge lunar landscapes were filmed in the studio and these were then back projected in front of the ports of the approaching shuttle.

With the discovery that the monolith on the Moon is sending transmissions to one of the moons of Jupiter, the story is once again hurled far into the future and the story picks up again as the space ship *Discovery* is making its way to

that distant planet.

The model of the *Discovery* was the biggest built for the film. The atomic-powered ship was a finely detailed creation measuring 54 feet long. The slow majestic pace made by the model took days to shoot at a time before the advent of the motion control camera. The model was firmly anchored to the floor with the camera making the move. Each frame of film had to receive a long exposure to conquer once again the problem of depth of field. A smaller model, measuring 15 feet in length was used for long shots.

One of the biggest interior sets for the *Discovery* was the centrifuge. Measuring 38 feet high the entire set revolved. This required that all props had to be bolted to the floor and lighting and cameras were in constant motion. Stanley Kubrick described it in this way: "The Centrifuge set was made in such a way that it had the structural integrity to preserve itself while the frame was rotated. The actor stayed at the bottom at all times. The camera was attached to the set so that when the set moved the camera didn't know it. The camera was on a gimbaled mount, and the operator was in a



Left: The Star-Child poster. Above: One of the astronauts from the *Jupiter* expedition. Below: The Moon shuttle descends before the Lunar surface.

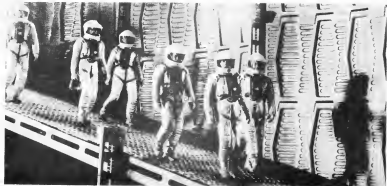


gimbaled seat, with a television finder. As the frame rotated at three miles per hour, the camera was constantly adjusted by the operator to keep the actor in the picture. The effect as the screen is that the camera is standing still and the actor is walking up and around the top and down the other side."

To assist himself further, Kubrick directed the sequence with the aid of closed-circuit television, a technique he still uses today, most notably in the maze scenes in *The Shining*.

With the move of the story to the Jupiter mission, the audience is introduced to the "stars" of 2001, Gary Lockwood and Keir Dullea. Both actors were virtual unknowns, although Lockwood had acquired some fame as a professional football player. The other actor on board the *Discovery* was Douglas Rain, a classical actor from Canada.

Rain was of course, the voice of HAL, the ship's super computer and 2001's only villain. HAL ran the ship, played games with the robot-like astronauts and generally looked after their wellbeing, until he developed a malfunction and attempted to kill the space travellers. He is eventually disconnected by Dullea in a truly



Above: The astronauts discover the camp of an alien species on the moon's surface which has captured the second moonchild. Right: A small alien ship flies across the surface of the moon.



chilling sequence as the astronaut systematically destroys the computer's memory banks.

With Poole (*Lockwood*) dead and the life support systems of these other hibernating astronauts shut down, Bowman (*Dylan*) continues his mission to Jupiter alone.

It is at this point in the story where the metaphysical side of *2001* takes hold and interpretation of events is left to the individual viewer. Whether Bowman is "taken" by aliens through the moviegoer or the images which flash on the screen are meant to be taken literally is up to you, but the simple fact remains that the visuals which Kubrick committed to celluloid in this sequence are simply stunning and have never been bettered in the annals of science fiction cinema.

Many of these shots were optically treated film of aerial footage shot in the Hebrides and Wennerston Valley, using a variety of coloured filters to give a properly alien effect. Clouds of dust and gas, seen swirling from Bowman's point of view, were achieved by the use of chemicals filmed in a small tank. Douglas Trumbull, one of the effects technicians on *2001*, would later refine this technique for the swirling cloud formations seen in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.

Perhaps the most visually astonishing sequence in this section of *2001* are the scenes which utilized the "slit-scan" machine designed

by Trumbull for the famed "light show" ending as Bowman hurtles through the vortex. This involved the use of an automatically focusing camera which could hold depth of field from 15 feet down to 1/16 inches, giving the effect of two mirrored planets of seemingly infinite depth.

With Bowman in the hands of the aliens (??), the film concludes with a beautiful coda as the astronaut is seen to live out his life in a tastefully decorated room. Stuart Freeman's make-up of the young Dallas aging into an old man gives a truly touching feel to those scenes. With Bowman near death and seemingly bed-ridden, the astronaut slowly raises his head from the pillow to be confronted by the moonchild. He dies and is reborn as a star child, hovering above the Earth. The film ends.

Oddly enough, another ending was considered in which the *Star Child* is seen to detonate nuclear weapons in orbit around the Earth. One can only applaud the charge. Had this been the end of the film, then not only would it have been a repeat of the ending of *Dr Strangelove*, but it would have destroyed the sense of wonder and adventure so carefully developed throughout the film.

There was a considerable amount of footage cut from *2001* before its release. At one point it was decided to show the aliens and various attempts were made to film aesthetically satia-

tying creatures. Roger Dickson who was employed on the film creating landscapes spent some time driving wooden excavators into mts. Other test footage shot using various lighting effects created in the slit scan machine were discarded also. The death of Poole was also reportedly shown in graphic detail as the astronaut is seen to implode in his spacesuit — another wise decision.

The film was previewed in early 1968 to a mixed reception. Kubrick took the film back to the cutting rooms and deleted a further fifteen minutes, tightening what many critics saw as a flawed narrative. When it was finally released, the film had been four years in the making and had overrun its original budget by several million dollars and had nearly taken MGM to the verge of bankruptcy.

2001 is constantly being reissued, finding not only a new audience every few years but repaying its original fare with new insight into the mysterious minds of its creators, Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick.

Sources: *Playboy* 1968
New Yorker Magazine 1966
New Yorker Magazine 1966
Making a Monster —
 Al Taylor and Sue Roy 1980
The Making of 2001 —
 Jerome Agel 1970

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VIDEO SCENE



The top star of the 1959 hit, *The 400 Blows*, available on video cassette from Mountain Video.

In my first article (October 132) I looked at the hardware side of video, now I want to look at the software, as the programmes you can get. Just to recap for a moment, there is of course a great deal of interest in television even if much of it is either in the vintage field but this area will I'm sure be well looked after by Time Vantage in his TV Zone. The majority of people who use a VCR do so for its recording properties, legal or not!

For those of you who want to think about having your own movie on a legitimate base find on the whole of better quality than your own off-air recording then it's the pre-recorded market I want to concentrate on.

In the States the best selling pre-recorded tape at the end of last year was Alien and movies are nowadays being released with an increasingly broader gap between cinema screens and home video in that country. Over here things are not so good, but the major American film companies, with the exception of Columbia, have now appeared on the video market and much more recent and much better movies are now to be found.

Purchase or Rental

50% of pre-recorded material is available for outright purchase, either direct from the video company or from the increasing number of shops in the high street stocking video cassettes. An increasing number of companies also offer the cassette on rental. You put down a deposit (nearly all of course) of generally £25 and then you can rent out a movie — costs are somewhere between £4 — £7 for between 3 to 8 days. There are a number of organisations which offer the benefits of club, such as Intervention, Video At Home, Video Club, FALS and you can also get material through the IPC mail order scheme which offers a discount. A new entrant into this field is the New Media Video group who will be opening shops

where you can view both hardware and software, purchase or rent both British and American material and will provide a subscription package of videos, like a book club.

One word of warning is perhaps due here, in the early days of any new technology there are always some sharp operators and what the above names are by no means all the reputable ones, I'd be careful about parting with your money on the basis of simple advertisements you might see in publications offering bargains!

It will be up to you to decide how you want to acquire any particular pre-recorded material, some material will obviously be of more interest to a particular person who might feel he/she would like to spend £30-£40 in order to have a special favourite, other material will probably be worth renting or obtaining through a club.

Pre-recorded material is largely made up of movies at the moment, although the market is starting to slip-toe into other areas. My movies I mean both original cinema movies and made-for-TV movies, the latter mostly from the States, another way of looking at it is to say that there's "vintage" material, recent material and a lot of rubbish!

Now let's run briefly through the companies offering pre-recorded material and see what's on offer. I shall comment on the familiar but hope to start covering the less familiar and new releases from next time.

Revlon Video have the original *Buck Rogers* in four parts, *Tomorrow's World*, *Sky Patrol*, *Abolition of Man* and *Star of the Planet*, approximately 1 hour each. There's also *Dwells in Frankenstein* (89 mins) the 1971 American film which sadly wasted the talents of some old stars, J. Carroll Nash and Lon Chaney among them, in a city send-up.

These movies are available from Mountain Films or Mountain

Video, who have a few other titles such as *400 Blows* (89 mins), a left fielder. American of movie about scientist who finds out how to move through matter, *Robert Lansing* stars from the same director Irvin S. Yeaworth, at about the same time, came one that Steve McQueen would probably not wish to be remembered for, *The Blob* where he sees the scientist battling to rid the USA of a nasty bit of work from outer space. From television there's an episode of *Star Trek* with William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy *Shore Leave*.

CIC Video is, as the name implies, the Video offshoot of CIC, the overseas releasing arm of Paramount and Universal. Whilst we await news of all those wonderful Universal movies from the thirties and forties, we must be grateful that they are in the market over here at last. Their initial releases do in fact include one vintage movie from the thirties and perhaps it was inevitable that it should be *Frankenstein* itself to appear first. The other two titles likely to be of interest are *Barbarella* and *Bette Star* *Calico*.

Videohive is the name for movies from New Films, well known in the Brixton Field, among titles of interest are John Carpenter's classic, *Dark Star* (81 mins); *The Devil's Rain* (82 mins) Bob Fosse's off-beat supernatural movie in which you can see most of the cast, including Ida Lupino, William Shatner, Keran Wynne and even John Travolta in his debut plus Ernest Borgnine, melt away in front of your eyes. There are also a number of Japanese productions such as *Human Vapour* (78 mins) which I hope to give you more details of another time.

Some Japanese productions also feature in *Demon's* offerings such as the animated feature (81 mins) *Speed Crusier* or the monster movie, *War of the Monsters* (89 mins) and *Monsters from an Unknown Planet* (90 mins), both of which feature our

old friend Gopille, doing his best to defend the Earth against all-comers. The latter was directed by Ishiro Honda.

Of perhaps more interest are a couple of *Tamara Finner* movies, both with Peter Cushing and both set in space, still allowing less chance of escaping, in one case 'The Temperature Night of the Big Heat' (90 mins) and in the other a gaudy jolly, *Island of Terror* (89 mins).

Movies are another big American company recently come into the video market over here, the only movie likely to be of interest is however *William Friedkin's The Exorcist*.

Our own Lord Grade has his own Video set-up which goes under the name of *Primevision Video* and they have two of efforts from Garry Adamson's stable, *Alan Attack* (122 mins) which I shall be reviewing next time and *Destination Moon Base Alpha* (96 mins) directed by Tom Glegg, better known perhaps for his more down to Earth action films such as *Swamy* and *McVicar*. There are also two others seen not so long ago on the big screen, *Saturn 3*, despite all the name talent involved, Kirk Douglas, Harvey Keitel, Fanny Fawcett starring, Stanley Donen directing, music from Elmer Bernstein and photography by Bill Williams, it never came off; the other one, also with a star age title, *Captain One* (118 mins) was more satisfying using an audience idea before finally becoming another chess move.

Argosyn Video is very much into the vintage market, mainly the RKO stuff, and as they are unashamedly old movies you get two for the price of one! (This does on the other hand mean that those with special interests are not so likely to find both movies to their particular taste).

But among the double bills are *Byron Haskin's From the Earth to the Moon* (100 mins) Joseph Cotten and Oskar Roget in this Jules Verne story (with Jack and the Beanstalk!), the Japanese

The *Mysteries* (85 mins) directed by Ishiro Honda in the old tale of aliens invading Earth (with Sons of the Mucketeers), then there's *Devil Doll* (90 mins) no not the Devil Doll but quite a good exercise in the macabre involving a hypnotist trying to animate a doll - something akin to *Magic* plus *The Curse of Sarnah*. Son of Kong (70 mins) the sequel of K.K. comes with a Karloff-Lorne-Lucas movie. You'll find *Dur*, *Kong's* next, *Nighty Joe Young* (95 mins) also there as is the classic *The Thing From Another World* (87 mins) Christian Nyby's forerunner of the genre as well as *I Walked With A Zombie* which I will be covering in detail next time.

Allegiant Video is the video company which releases movies from 20th Century-Fox and Avco Embassy, so whilst we don't yet have *Star Wars*, on tape, there is *The Making of Star Wars* (47 mins) which you may well have seen on television. Otherwise apart from *The Dream* (111 mins) there's two movies from the Apes series, *Planet of the Apes* (112 mins) Frankie Scheffer's unsurpassed original and *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* (95 mins)

Ted Post's follow-up and two unusual journeys, *Fantasio Voyage* (86 mins) and *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* (101 mins).

Vidmore has half a dozen horror titles on its list. These range from two goodies, *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, (81 mins), based on H.P. Lovecraft's *Stories in the Whitehouse* with Sons Karloff and Christopher Lee, and *The Creeping Flesh* (94 mins) Freddie Francis directing Peter Cushing as a couple of bloody scientists, *Cauldron of Blood* (95 mins) Sons Karloff is a Spanish directed movie and *The Blood Beast Terror* (88 mins) again with Peter Cushing.

VAPC stands for Video Instant Picture Company and they have a couple of recent Italian sci/fantasy films in *Zombie Fleshwars* (90 mins) director Lucio Fulci, where Ian McEwan and Tina Turner set out for a tropical island to try to find out what has happened to the latter's father only to get more than they bargained for.

Whilst in island of *Mutations* (85 mins) a boat carrying convicts is washed up on an island around the turn of the century. There they find that they have landed

from the flying pen into the fire, despite the attractive presence of Barbara Bach as the daughter of a half-mad scientist, none other than poor old Joseph Cotton, who's trying to make his presence in *Psychic Killer* (88 mins) Jim Hutton plays a weaselly accused man who takes a terrible revenge on those he believes are responsible, having acquired the ability to learn his body while never it suits him to commit his crimes.

Our old friend the vampire turns up in two American video catalogues. *The Night Striker* (73 mins) was the original tale of newspaperman (Darrin McGavin) discovering who is behind a series of grisly murders, the sequel, *The Night Strangler* (90 mins) is a longer repeat of the same story, only taking place in Seattle instead of Las Vegas.

I hope that this run-through of some of the material available will show that there is a fair range of fantasy movies on video and this is of course only the tip of the iceberg. If there is the demand more films will become available, with only some problems in getting good enough prints preventing some titles appearing.

Maybe there will soon be enough material for someone to start a fantasy video club!

Next time I'll be dealing with new additions in some more detail.

ADDRESSES OF SUPPLIERS
Mountain Films, 45, New Oxford Street, London W.1
CIC Video, Great Putney Street, London W.1
Videovision, Ivor Film Services, Pinewood Studios, Ivor, Bucks.
Derran 20, High Street, Oudley, West Midlands
Warner, P.O. Box 59, Alport Lane, Wimley, Middlesex.
Precision Video, 15, Upper Brook Street, London W.1P.1
Kington Video, 34, Windmill Street, London W.1P.1H.
Magna Video, Unit 24, Whistly Avenue, London NW10 7SP.
Videoconia, 68/70, Winder St, London W.1V.3HP.
VIPC, 9, Sentinel House, Sentinel Square, Beant Street, London NW4 2EN.
Gold Home Video, Woolston House, Cundale Road, Peterborough PE2 0PZ.

Most of these also supply high street dealers and clubs.

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IN A TEMPLE IN
ETHIOPIA

A HELMET THAT
MAKES THE WEARER
INVISIBLE!

AND A SHIELD IN
WHICH ZEUS APPEARS
TO PERSEUS AND WARNS
HIM OF HIS FATE!

THERE HE FINDS THREE
GIFTS FROM THE GREAT
GOD ZEUS - A SWORD
THAT WILL SLICE THROUGH
MARBLE!



PERSEUS ALSO LEARNS OF A STRANGE
WINGED HORSE NAMED PEGASUS



LATER THAT DAY PERSEUS CAPTURES
THE WINGED BEAST



PERSEUS SETS OFF ACROSS THE SKY
TOWARDS THE CITY OF THE ETHIOPIANS

THERE HE SEES THE BEAUTIFUL
ANDROMEDA AND FALLS IN
LOVE WITH HER



BUT ANDROMEDA IS UNDER
A CURSE, AND BEFORE
PERSEUS CAN MARRY HER
HE MUST TRAVEL TO THE ISLE
OF THE DEAD, AND DO BATTLE
WITH THE MEDUSA



AS PERSEUS ENTERS THE TEMPLE
OF THE MEDUSA WITH HIS GUARDS
THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A TWO-
HEADED WOLF-DOG



PERSEUS SLAYS THE FEROCIOUS BEAST
WITH HIS MAGIC SWORD!

THE MEDUSA IS A MONSTER SO FRIGHTENING THAT NO ONE CAN LOOK UPON HER...



...WITHOUT BEING TURNED TO STONE!

ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE CITY OF THE ETHIOPIANS THEY ARE ATTACKED BY GIANT SCORPIONS!



HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, PERSEUS WAITS FOR THE MEDUSA AS IT SLITHERS THROUGH THE TEMPLE, AND ATTACKS.



SEVERING THE HEAD OF THE FIDEOUS MONSTER!



BUT HE IS WATCHED BY THE EVIL CALIBOS WHO IS ALSO IN LOVE WITH ANDROMEDA.



AFTER A FIERCE BATTLE, PERSEUS KILLS THE SCORPIONS.



CALIBOS ATTACKS!

PERSEUS THROWS HIS SWORD DEEP INTO THE VILE CALIBOS.



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the frankenstein chronicles: part III

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN

THE LAST IN OUR THREE PART

The late 30s saw the end of the great boom years of quality horror films in Hollywood. Universal Pictures reissued *Dracula* (1930) and *Frankenstein* (1931) as a double bill in late 1938. To the studio's surprise, the reissue proved hugely successful, showing that there was still some life in the old monsters yet.

Universal decided to make one more 'A' feature based on Mary Shelley's characters. Screenwriter Willis Cooper was brought in to handle the writing chores on the strength of his successful radio horror series, *Lights Out*.

Cooper's original screenplay was little more than a reworking of elements of

Bride of Frankenstein. In his first draft, Cooper's main plot centred around the Monster's second attempt to force a Frankenstein (Henry's son, Wolf) to create a mate. The monster abducted Wolf's wife and son and threatened to kill them if Wolf failed to come through with the goods.

Universal and their chosen producer/director, Rowland V. Lee, were unhappy with this plot contrivance and rewrites were done.

Another major character, Ygor (*Bela Lugosi*), was also added to the screenplay and shooting commenced in October 1938.

The film was to have been Universal's

first Technicolor production, however, test footage showed that Boris Karloff's make-up would not photograph correctly in the new process. The colour footage was junked and the film was made in black and white. Rumours persist that a colour print of the film exists, though recent research would seem to disprove this idea.

The plot of *Son of Frankenstein* was not particularly novel and the somewhat hackneyed story points the way to the sad direction which later Universal horrors would follow, with a couple of notable exceptions. Under James Whale's guiding hand, *Frankenstein* and *Bride of Frankenstein* had been set in a central



Above: Wolf (the son of Victor Frankenstein) (Basil Rathbone) on screen and Ygor (Bela Lugosi) wanted to make the Monster (Boris Karloff). Right: A prosthetic plaster used to achieve the film's Ygor and the Monster are ironically referred to as the head-mounted limbs of Wolf Frankenstein.

KENSTEIN

European fairyland of no fixed time. However, *Son of Frankenstein* very definitely had a contemporary setting.

Rowland V. Lee was a workmanlike director who had begun his Hollywood career in 1918. Not particularly associated with the fantasy genre, he had directed a lightweight *Fu Manchu* film in 1929. *The Mysterious Dr Fu Manchu*. Lacking *Whale's* sense of black humour Lee brought to the *Son of Frankenstein* a solid craftsman's skill.

The film was Universal's most expensive horror film to that date and it is sumptuously mounted. The production designer was Jack Otterson who, apart from his film work had designed some

interiors for New York's Empire State Building. Aided by set decorator, Ruppel Gausman, Otterson designed the feature in a style reminiscent of German Expressionist films. The sets in *Son of Frankenstein* are simple and uncluttered and the emphasis on almost abstract shadows imbues the film with a fine sense of *chiaroscuro*. The camerawork and lighting of George Robinson enhances the film greatly, although much of it, despite certain odd angles, has a static quality quite removed from the *Whale* versions.

Although the script had been rewritten before production it appears that Lee was still unhappy with it and at least one cast member recalls that the film was being

rewritten daily.

Part of this was due to Lee's intention to expanding the role of Ygor, the guardian of the Monster. In an interview, Lee recalled this aspect of the production:

"Bela was greatly underestimated by the studio. We gave him his sides as Ygor and let him work on the characterisation; the interpretation he gave us was imaginative and totally unexpected. He played Ygor as a rogue, but one that evoked sympathy. When we finished shooting, there was no doubt in anyone's mind that he stole the show. Karloff's Monster was weak by comparison."

Certainly Lee was correct on that score, though to be fair to Karloff, it should be noted that his part was written down in the script.

Billed second after Basil Rathbone, Karloff's Monster spends the first half of the film lying in a coma and it is Ygor who carries the action and holds the interest along with Rathbone and Lionel Atwill as Inspector Krogh. Not only that, but any aspects of sympathy apparent in



Below: The Monster (Boris Karloff) discusses the lifeless form of Ygor (Bela Lugosi). Right: Creator and Creation come face to face. Below right: Inspector Krogh (Lionel Atwill) accuses Wolf Frankenstein (Basil Rathbone) about some of the weird happenings in the area



the *Bride of Frankenstein*, along with the fact that the Monster had learned to speak, were missing from Cooper and Lee's screenplay. For *Son of Frankenstein*, the Monster had become little more than a dumb murderous brute, the tool of revenge Ygor used against the townspeople who had once tried to hang him.

The film marked Karloff's last feature performance as the Monster, although Lugosi reprised his portrayal of Ygor for *Ghost of Frankenstein* in 1942 opposite Lon Chaney Jr.'s Monster. Universal wanted Karloff to continue playing the part that had made him famous but the then 51 year old actor decided to bow out. In an interview in *Shriek* magazine in October 1985, he explained why:

"I thought I could (and I was right as it turned out) see the handwriting on the wall as to which way the stories were going . . . that they would go downhill. There was not much left in the character of the Monster to be developed; he had reached his limits. I saw that from here on he would become rather an outish prop, so to speak, in the last act or something like that, without any great stature."

Despite the "dumb brute" aspect of the Monster in *Son of Frankenstein*, Lee managed at least one scene worthy of James Whale's humanitarian view of the creature. The brief shot has the monster coming upon the lifeless form of his protector, Ygor. Looking in disbelief at his dead friend, he reaches out his hand to touch the bloodstained corpse. Seeing the blood on his hand, he releases a scream of immense sorrow and anger.

Two other performances in *Son of Frankenstein* are worth noting. Basil Rathbone, only a few months from his first fateful performance as Sherlock Holmes brought to his part a nice edginess not too far removed from Colin Clive. Rathbone, however, was a second choice. Universal had wanted Peter Lorre for the role but the actor declined. A pity in a way — it's interesting to speculate how the immensely talented Lorre would have handled the character.

The other key performance in the film is that of Lionel Atwill as Inspector Krogh, head of the local police force. As a child, he had been attacked by the monster. He tells Wolf Von Frankenstein of the event.

"I was but a child at the time, about the age of your own son, Herr Baron. The Monster had escaped and was ravaging the countryside, killing, maiming, terrorising. One night he burst into our house. My father took a gun and fired at him and the savage brute sent him crashing into a corner. Then the brute grabbed me by the arm! One doesn't easily forget, Herr Baron, an arm torn out by the roots!"

In the slam-bang action finale of *Son of Frankenstein*, the Monster rips Krogh's wooden arm off and waves it over his head, before being knocked into a convenient sulphur pit by Wolf (stuntman Bud Wolfe, doubling for Rathbone). It is the only scene of black comedy at all reminiscent of the James Whale tradition.

Jack Pierce was once again responsible

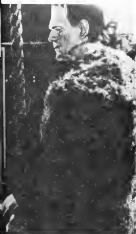


for the make-up in the film but apart from the same general design of the Monster, there is no attempt at continuity from the *Bride of Frankenstein*. Gone are the burn marks and short cropped hair from that film. Karloff had also obviously gained weight in the intervening four years since the *Bride* and the creature had completely lost the cadaverous look of the first films.

This lack of continuity was also carried through to the location of the action. No longer was Frankenstein's laboratory situated in a windmill, or, as in the *Bride of Frankenstein*, a stone tower. This time around, the setting was a partially destroyed, domed building immediately adjacent to Castle Frankenstein. Jack Otterson's design for this set is



Above: Surviving of a can-
tredouble? Karloff's (by now)
monstrous Monster studies
the code of The Wonder Fairy
in *Son of Frankenstein*. Below: What
Frankenstein's assistant is
left in charge as the Monster
returns to life.



superb, and the sequence in which Wolf discovers the ruined laboratory is one of the visual highlights of the film.

Son of Frankenstein was well received by press and public alike. *Variety*, incisive as ever, noted:

"Picture is well mounted, nicely directed and includes cast of capable artists. Universal has given A production layout to the thriller in all departments. Story is slow and draggy in getting under-way prior to first appearance of Karloff but from that point on, sustains interest at high pitch."

The success of *Son of Frankenstein* triggered the 40s horror boom, although as already noted, these films were generally of a lesser quality.

Karloff, Rathbone and Rowland V. Lee teamed up again that same year for a Universal horror version of the Richard III story, *Tower of London*.

A further sequel to *Son of Frankenstein* was also planned and was to be

written by Willis Cooper. Called *After Frankenstein*, the film was never made and it would be a further three years before Mary Shelley's creation would again lumber across the screen in the shape of Lon Chaney Jrn.

Son of Frankenstein — Sources.

Films of Boris Karloff —
R. Bogarski and K. Beale,
Citadel Press,
USA 1974.

Films of Bela Lugosi —
R. Bogarski
Citadel Press,
USA 1980.

Boris Karloff and His Films —
P. Jensen

A.S. Barnes & Co./Tantivy
USA/England 1974.

The Frankenstein Legend —
D. Glut

Scarecrow Press
USA 1973.



Record World

It's a wonder it hasn't been done before. I thought one day, sitting in my office on a rare — day when I had nothing to do, it flashed across the mind: "Why doesn't the Beeb put all their space themes on one record?" Exhausted by the stream, I went to lunch. But the idea still seemed a good one when I returned, so, braving the intricacies of the BBC internal phone system I contacted the appropriate department. I must admit I expected a "don't call us, we'll call you" reply, but actually they seemed quite interested and told me to jot down a few ideas for sleeve notes. This I did and only a year later I was contacted and told "we're doing your record, but we've lost the notes, can you do some more?"

What a ruse all leading us to? you may possibly be asking. The result—that recent crash of compilation record albums containing all those chart hits you thought you'd never hear again, have been through practically every combination and permutation you can devise. Consequently it is a wonder the Space Themes route hasn't been explored until now. Now we have Ronson's *Space Invasion* containing, and I quote, "20 Galactic Hits". Possibly the album title has more to do with a certain notorious electronic game than with the Great Unknown, but as with most of these albums you do get value for money with 10 tracks per side.

The selection cuts across a few musical boundaries ranging from Deep Purple to The Carpenters and some of the items are more obvious than others. For example you get Hawkwind's "Silver Machine" and "Speed" by Sheila B. Devotion, along with "No Doubt About It" from Hot Chocolate and Elton John's "Rocket Man". Less well-known, apart from their devout followers will be "Galaxy" from War and, featuring the group's original lineup, "Fireball" from Deep Purple.

A couple of interesting inclusions are "A Spaceman came Travelling" from Chris de Burgh, who I'm only recently finding out about, and The Carpenters track which is their version of a song by the most mysterious of groups, Kluksu (which the album manages to mis-spell) and entitled "Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft".

If you have Jeff Wayne's musical version of *The War of the Worlds* you'll be familiar with two more of the tracks, "Eve of the War" and "Former Autumn", both with vocals by Justin Hayward. However they will not be complete duplications, for these are the single versions, without the storyline and the former is in disco disguise.

Similarly the Genesis track — "Watcher of the Skies" — is the single, not the album track from *Foxtrot*.

Two Dollar tracks are featured — "Shooting Star" and "Who Were You With in the Moonlight" which, I suspect, is appropriate, and The Mashedins' "Shining Star".

Slightly less tangible inclusions on this album, though none the less welcome, are the Manfred Mann version of Bruce Springsteen's "Blinded by the Light", and the Shadows version of that old classic "Riders in the Sky". Finally the electronic side is taken care of by "Messager" from Orchestral Manoeuvres; "Dancing in Outer Space" by Atmosphere, the not-so-surprising inclusion of The Yellow Magic Orchestra's "Theme from the Space Invaders" and the last track on side 2 which presumably owes more to the performer's name, Space — than to the actual track — "Magic Fly".

A couple of singles came my way recently, both new versions

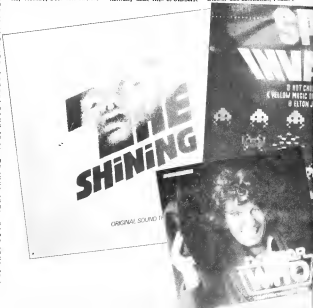
of established television programmes. After the first 18 years, Dr Who opening and closing music has at last been updated. It's still from the Radio-Phone Workshop — who, I'm glad to see, are supplying more programme music rather than just sounds these days — and it's still the late Pete Gribble's original theme, but it has a completely new treatment by Peter Howell.

Speaking to Dick Mills, I was told the original music was completely concocted from sounds on tape, which was then replicated to form the score. For the new version, Peter Howell played a CS80 synthesiser. Backing the disc is another Howell piece, this time his own composition and one of my favourites from his. Titled "The Astroneers" is a slightly edited version of the track that appeared on my own compilation *Space Themes* album.

The other new theme is from a programme that possibly does not fall immediately into the category normally dealt with in *Starwest*

— Tomorrow's World. However a great deal of the contents inevitably deal with the Future in some form or other, so I feel it quite legitimate to include it. The original theme, by John Davisworth was on the *Space Themes* album, after all! The completely new theme is by Richard Denton and Martin Cook, also played on synthesisers and I think complements the new opening graphic sequence very well. The previous sequence too—designed by Ian Seaton—was more original but times change and the new versions have a slightly more futuristic feel to them.

The soundtrack album to *The Shining* is like a cross between 2001 and *A Clockwork Orange* the former because Stanley Kubrick draws on the classical catalogue for music by Ligeti, Bartok and Penderecki and the *Clockwork Orange* connection is the usage of Willy (no Walter) Carlos, to provide the title and one other track. Beside the use of the Carlos synthesizers there is another odd connection, I hadn't



seen much about the film even by the time advertising on television started. When I saw the trailer I didn't initially realise what film it was, until the music began. The I said "that's got to be *The Shining*", and it was even before Jack Nicholson's smiling face appeared. And the reason? *The Shining* theme is none other than that old plinking chant — Das lee (The Day of Judgement) in another disguise. The connection is that Carlos wrote a piece for Clockwork Orange entitled "Country Lane". Kuznek did not use the piece in the final film, but it is available on the album *Water Carlos's Clockwork Orange* (CBS 73059). "Country Lane" is yet another version of Das lee, and for those that missed an earlier review, so is the main theme to *Close Encounters*.

The György Ligeti piece is "Lontano", very similar in feel to the three Ligeti pieces used in 2001. The piece also appeared on the follow up record *Musica Inspired by the Film 2001* (Polydor 2310.073). Actually the

usage of a Ligeti piece in a Kubrick film is somewhat surprising for Mr Ligeti was apparently not too pleased at his work's usage in the earlier film. Presumably things have been patched up?

The Bartok piece is probably going to be the best known of the classical recordings on the soundtrack. It is an excerpt from his *Music for Strings, Percussion and Chorus* played by the Berlin Philharmonic, conducted by Herbert von Karajan.

Less well-known are the Penderecki pieces which take up the majority of side two. They all of course, being established compositions, stand up in their own right, but they are modern pieces which need more listening than much of the more established classical repertoire. In many ways it helps to relate them to the film to get over the initial fear of anything "modern". I know this was the original way it approached the Ligeti composition in 2001 and it greatly helped me to appreciate other of his

works that were not used in the film.

The final track on *The Shining* soundtrack album seems to go from the sublime to the ridiculous. You go from Penderecki's "De Natura Sonoris No. 2" straight into "Home" played on an old mono recording by Henry Hall and the Glenageary Hotel Band.

The last record this month is another soundtrack recording and perhaps in a similar way also falls under that banner straight from *The Shining* to *Flash Gordon*. Now all together — "Flash, a-ah", well it does make a change not to use a certain Symphony Orchestra for your latest SF film soundtrack, instead here we have one of the mainstays of the rock world, Queen, providing the musical and vocal backing.

Apart from this rather obvious difference to previous soundtracks, there is another change to the norm. At last someone has realised that film soundtracks do not automatically stand up by themselves having been taken out of their context in the film. Of

course there are exceptions and John Williams and Jerry Goldsmith's, especially *Star Trek*, soundtracks usually work as straightforward pieces of music. Other films, particularly where the musical soundtrack does not contain any startling themes and where most of the music is background and linking pieces, even you have removed all the action, dialogue and sound effects, there isn't a great deal left. *Flash Gordon* avoids this by keeping a great deal of the dialogue and sound in, so although you do not get the complete soundtrack, all the relevant bits are there, with all the sound effects and it's almost like sitting through the film again. In fact it makes the whole record far more enjoyable, and I've actually set down for probably to be more exact, wandered about with the record on, not purely for review purposes. I can't honestly say I've played the *Galactus* or *Buck Rogers* records recently. Queen's contribution seems to be the best of synthesizers and I can't help remembering an old Queen album which proudly stated "no synthesizers have been used in the making of this album", oh well, well, it's nothing to be ashamed of, it works very well. Freddie Mercury's voice supplies the two songs on the soundtrack, "Flash's Theme" (Flash — a-ah) and the final track "The Hero". Otherwise its all instrumental, mainly soaring synthesizers and Roger Taylor's excellent drumming. The record sleeve does note additional orchestral arrangements by Howard Blake, but the trouble with synthesizers is that it is invariably difficult to spot whether it is a synthesizer or in fact an actual orchestra. I think I detected the more traditional approach in the last track of side 1 ("The Kat") and more definitely in the final track side 2, "The Hero", where the mixture of electronics and orchestra is very effective.

Incidentally, the single is slightly different from the album that you get the potted dialogue of the complete film over the single version whilst on the album it's spread out. The single is backed with the music to my favourite bit of the film — The Football Fight.

LPs
Ranco, *Space Invasion*, RTL 2001
Warner Bros. *The Shining*, WB 95 827
EMI, *Flash Gordon*, EMC 3351
Single
EMI, *Flash Gordon*, EMI 5126
BBC, *Dr Who*, Peter Howell RESL 80
BBC, *Tomorrow's World*, RESL 78



Far Left: The emphatic cover design for the soundtrack album from Stanley Kubrick's film, *The Shining*. Below centre: The new version of the *Doctor Who* theme tune has been reissued as a single via BBC Records. Above centre: The title of the compilation album *Space Invasion* owes more to the recent craze for electronic video games than to the longer established trend in the cinema. Below: The rockabilly of the rock rock band Queen rubs shoulders with such luminaries as John Williams and The London Symphony Orchestra in providing the soundtrack for a science fiction movie.

it's only a movie.

The problem with committing your opinions to print is that they keep coming back to haunt you. I was reminded of this sad fact when I found myself attending a reception for Roger Corman at the London National Film Theatre where he had just delivered a lecture sponsored by the Guardian newspaper (actually it was more of an interview than a lecture). I was standing there quaffing the free booze at my usual fast rate and getting up courage to go and introduce myself to him (after which I intended to casually mention the three foot high pile of original screenplays that I have at home and which I would be willing to sell to him for any small fortune that he happened to have about his person) when I suddenly remembered what I'd written about him in my book *The Horror People* (available at all good remainder bookshops): "Corman is now probably one of the most overrated directors in the history of the cinema."

Now don't get me wrong — I still stand by those words but they were a reaction against all the ridiculous claims being made for his pictures by various pretentious film critics rather than a direct comment on his work (I think he's made a few fairly good movies, like *House of Usher* and *The Man With the X-Ray Eyes*, but he's a better producer than a director). Of course, the chances that Corman had ever read *The Horror People* were incredibly remote (in fact, if the royalty statements are anything to go by only three people in the world have read the book apart from my mother) but if he had read it it was possible that he might just remember what I'd said about him. After all, it was the sort of comment that would stick in your mind. . . . And if this was the case my big worry was how he would react if I introduced myself to him. Would he call over his attractive wife Julie, who is also a film producer (*Lady in Red*, etc) and say: "Hey honey, come and meet the guy who called me the most overrated director in the history of cinema. . . .?"

Or would he launch himself at me with a snarl and try to strangle me? I could see the headlines: **ROGER CORMAN STRANGLES STARBURST HACK IN NATIONAL FILM THEATRE BARI**! So I chickened out. Instead of introducing myself to him I went and studied the underside of Waterloo Bridge until he left (the NFT is a great place for studying the underside of the Waterloo Bridge — in fact that's about all you can see from the NFT windows. I've often wondered whose idea it was to build a cinema under



a traffic bridge . . .).

Incidentally, Corman's lecture/interview was quite interesting, especially when he started answering questions from the audience. When someone brought up the subject of why *The Wild Angels* and *The Trip* were still banned in Britain (though you can see them if you belong to a cinema club) I discovered that the man sitting in front of me, and who had already annoyed me by coming in late, was none other than the film censor himself, James Ferman. He gave predictably unsatisfactory reasons for the continued banning: apparently, after all these years *The Trip* is still regarded as a dangerous advertisement for LSD (yet lots of movies have shown LSD "trips") while *The Wild Angels* is considered to be an incitement to racial hatred because of the Nazi-style costumes worn by the Hell's Angels (again, I've seen similar costumes in countless other movies).

The lecture was being filmed by the BBC and should be shown sometime in June or July so if you happen to see it look out for the episode involving the censor — I'm the one sitting right behind him, making faces and hitting him over the head with a rolled up copy of

Starburst . . . though knowing the BBC they'll probably cut this bit out.

Among other things Corman mentioned a few of his upcoming projects, one of which is *World War Three* based on a book by a retired British general. While Corman was talking about this a man in the audience put up his hand and said it was an amazing coincidence but he too had had the idea of making a movie about *World War Three*. But, he added mysteriously, he'd changed his mind since visiting Russia (I sometimes wonder about the people who make up a typical NFT audience). Another proposed Corman production is a horror-comedy movie called *Saturday the 14th*. According to Corman the advertising slogan will run: "If you thought Friday the 13th was horrible wait until Saturday the 14th." Nice one, Rog.

It's not every night you come after a hard session on the pool tables to find an urgent message to call Universal Studios in Hollywood, but that's what happened to me a couple of months ago. "At last!" I cried, "My summons to Hollywood has finally come!" As I made a rush for the phone I presumed that Universal had

starring John Brosnan



Below: Roger Corman (at far right) pondering on being called "The most over-rated director in the history of cinema". This shot was taken during the making of *Bloody Mama* and shows how Corman saves money on his pictures — three men having to live in a car trunk! Below right: The photograph from *Heaven Help Us* that caused all the fuss. The scene is now part of a special effects exhibit at Universal Studios, Hollywood. If you look closely you can see the wires.



bought the rights to my marvellous disaster/thriller, *Skyship* (all about a nuclear-powered airship that collides with New York — thousands of copies still available) and wanted me to fly over there immediately and lick the script into shape. But as I picked up the phone a sudden thought hit me — what if it was Irwin Allen? Could I compromise my principles and work for a man who, in my opinion, was the biggest threat to good film-making since George Lazenby? It would all depend, I decided as I dialled the number, on just how much he was prepared to pay me. So much for principles.

Well, it turned out that all Universal wanted was to know where I got one of the photographs in my book *Movie Magic* (no, this is not another book plug — it's no longer available). Concealing my disappointment with a more strangled sob I asked them which photograph and they said it was the one where the man in white was standing on a wall horizontally. Could I tell them what movie that came from?

Now that was a bit of a problem — I couldn't. The still had been given to me by fellow Antipodean John Baxter and I vaguely recalled it had come from some documentary made by the Australian Commonwealth Film Unit, an organisation with which Baxter used to be connected. By then I was aware that the phone call was costing me money so I

said I'd get the details and ring them back the following day. In my haste I neglected to ask them what they wanted this information for.

Well, John Baxter was able to fill me in on the photograph so the next day I rang Universal back. They'd said to reverse the charges but when I tried that the secretary at the other end said she didn't have the authority to accept them so I was obliged to call direct again. As it was early in the morning over there the man I wanted to speak to hadn't arrived in his office so I had to give the information to his secretary (the same one who couldn't accept the reverse charges) and this proved a little difficult. The still, I explained, came from a documentary called *Heaven Help Us*, made in 1967, and it was available from the Australian High Commission in Los Angeles. "What," she asked, "is a High Commission?" I tried to explain, unsuccessfully, what a High Commission was while I grew increasingly anxious about how much this call was costing me. I then explained that the man on the wall was supposed to be Alexander Graham Bell, or rather his ghost, and that the documentary was all about telephone etiquette. "What's that?" asked the American voice on the other side of the Atlantic. "It's all about how to be polite on the telephone!" I bellowed into the mouthpiece.

What did they want all this for? Well, I learned that Universal were building a big special effects exhibit as an added attraction to their Universal Studios Tour operation and were planning to recreate the scene in the photograph as part of it but they need a clip from the movie to run alongside it (or something like that). So the next time you're in Hollywood take the Universal Tour and you'll be able to see this scene in three dimensions, presumably using dummies or out-of-work actors, along with an explanation of how it was done.

I didn't come out of it completely empty-handed. A couple of days ago I received a letter of thanks together with a cheque for 30 dollars to go towards my phone bill. I have a feeling that's all the money I'm ever going to see out of Hollywood... but wait, the phone's ringing... Irwin baby, is that you? Look, I'm sorry about all those nasty things I've written about your pictures...

Next month: the story of how my horror movie, *The Terrible Jaw-Man*, never came to be made. It's a real tear-jerker so bring clean handkerchiefs.

book world

This time, just for a change, let's start by looking at a book which purports to be non-fiction: **The Roswell Incident** by Charles Berlitz (name in very large letters on the cover) *Granade £5.95*. Berlitz is famous as the man who gave the world the Bermuda Triangle mystery to ponder over—hence, one must suppose, the disparity in the billing, since from the book itself it appears that Moore did all the legwork.

This new book investigates another amazing, incredible, truth-stranger-than-fiction story: the possibility that an alien spaceship actually crashed in the New Mexico desert in 1947, was scooped up by the American military, and has been hushed up ever since while teams of scientists work on analysing its strange components. The crew, killed in the crash (or perhaps fatally wounded) are preserved in cold storage in a secret building in some US Air Force base.

It would be strange indeed if such a story had taken over 30 years to emerge, particularly since the key evidence comes from eye-witnesses who saw the wreckage—and the bodies—before the cavalry arrived; and, sure enough, it soon becomes apparent that the Roswell incident is none other than the famous Socorro saucer incident, staple ingredient of many a UFO book. This is a very old story dressed up in new clothes.

One's reaction to books like these inevitably depends on the frame of mind with which one approaches them, so perhaps I should make clear my own prejudice. I believe absolutely in the idea that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the galaxy, some of it far more advanced than we are. I think it quite possible that alien beings might have visited us in the past, or be about to visit us in the future. I do not think there is any convincing evidence that such a visitation has taken place.

On the face of it this incident might be thought to provide such proof. There are a number of eye-witnesses whose accounts agree significantly in certain particulars—especially as regards the fragments of a strange material (lighter than balsa, stronger than steel) from the crashed object. There were the early press-releases which stated that the remnants of a flying saucer had been found, before the "cover-up" went into effect saying that it was only a weather balloon. There are a lot of fragmentary accounts of things seen in top-security areas of US Air Force bases in subsequent years. As presented by

Berlitz and Moore the evidence seems decisive.

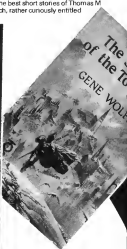
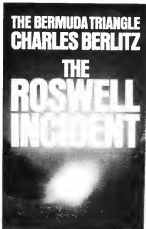
But looked at sceptically it yields a rather different picture. There is one eye-witness account of dead aliens at the scene of the crash, and that is given at second-hand (the witness himself, one "Barney" Barnett, presumably being dead). Further, the way it is given inspires little confidence: reporting an interview between Moore and a couple who were old friends of Barnett, the account of what he had told them abruptly turns into a page-and-a-half statement in the first person, as if made by Barnett. That's dubious reporting ethics, as far as I'm concerned.

Then there's the matter of the weather balloon story, on which the authors pour scorn. Now, apparently there are two different devices, called a Rawin sonde and a Rawin target, and the initial corrective press release described the wreckage as coming from a sonde whereas, Berlitz and Moore assert, only a target could have yielded any significant amount of metallic debris. Later, they say, this was corrected... but it shows that authorities tripping up in their haste to

rush out a cover story. Well, I know nothing about weather balloons, but I can read, and on the page immediately preceding this story I read an interview with the weather officer who identified the wreckage, and he said it was a Rawin sonde!

As for the rest, well, there's a lot of "evidence" from someone who once met someone who had heard from someone else about how a fourth person had once told them they'd seen dozens of alien bodies in deep freeze in a top-security block they'd wandered into by accident, while the guards were off having a cup of tea. And so on. It does seem entirely possible from the evidence put forward that the object which crashed near Socorro was something other than a weather balloon, something which the military were anxious to recover. But it's a long and implausible step from there to saying it was an alien spaceship, and it's a step I'm not prepared to make.

Back in the world of fiction masquerading only as fiction, Gollancz have published a fat collection of some of the best short stories of Thomas M. Disch, rather curiously entitled



Fundamental Disch (£7.95) [How could they have resisted the temptation to call it *Cordon Bleu Disch*?] Disch is without doubt one of the finest writers ever to be identified with the sf field; his prose is the kind of prose other writers read for clues as to how it's done. But he has never been an especially popular writer, perhaps because of the rather overwhelming dense and intellectual air which hangs over his novels. But he is also a good storyteller, with a sharp ironic edge to most of his work, and if you have never tried his stories this book is a good place to start. It includes some classic modern horror stories (subtle psychological horrors rather than buckets of gore), such as "Descending", "The Roaches" and "The Asian Shore", the (fairly) traditional sf of "White Fang Goes Dingo", and some more experimental pieces. It's a good testament to Disch's wide-ranging abilities.

Below left to right: *The Reswell Incident* (Granada, £5.35) by Charles Berntz (and R.N. Moore) – science fiction masquerading as science fact? *The Shadow of the Torturer* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £7.95) by Gene Wolfe is hailed by such luminaries as Ursula Le Guin to be a masterpiece, but as only the first part of a tetralogy it is difficult to judge the whole. *Robert Holdstock's Necromancer* (Futura, £1.25) is a better than average horror novel that was ignored by the many just now dead. *A Planet Called Treason* is a forgettable offering from Orson Scott Card.

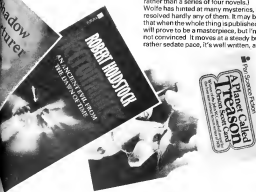
Another writer much admired by his contemporaries is Gene Wolfe, and the first volume of his fantasy tetralogy, **The Shadow of the Torturer** (Sidgwick & Jackson, £7.95), carries some unequivocal garlands: "The first volume of a masterpiece," says Ursula Le Guin, and recommendations don't come stronger than that. I wish I could agree, because I too admire Wolfe's work, and at least two days a week, if pinned down, I'd nominate his earlier book *The Fifth Head of Cerberus* as my single favourite sf novel. But try as I would (and I did) I can't warm to this new project. It's set in the very distant future, when our world is less even than a legend, in a vast city in which a huge and unregulated populace live amid a blend of high technology and primitive poverty. The hero, Severian, is a young member of the dispassionate but sinister Torturer's Guild, and we follow him as he learns his craft. After committing an unforgivable breach of Guild practice he is sent to serve in a town far to the north. As he makes his way across the immense city he becomes caught up in a plot to steal the sword given him by his Guildmaster (it is, as he learns, immensely valuable), and by the end has just reached the edge of the city, ready to embark on to the next stage of his journey.

It's impossible to judge from the first book where the novel is going. (It is, I must state, a novel in four volumes rather than a series of four novels.) Wolfe has hinted at many mysteries, but resolved hardly any of them. It may be that when the whole thing is published it will prove to be a masterpiece, but I'm not convinced. It moves at a steady but rather sedate pace, it's well written, and

it has a good deal of colourful invention, but although I was never bored by it, neither was I ever really drawn into Wolfe's invented world. It never quite came to life.

Less ambitious, perhaps, but more successful in achieving what it sets out to do, is Robert Holdstock's **Necromancer** (Futura £1.25). This is a novel of occult horror first published in 1978 but rather submerged in the flood of cheap horror books on the market at that time. This reassessment may establish its merits more clearly. The key point about *Necromancer* is that it is a novel rather than a comicbook in prose form. It has real and believable characters who are affected by the strange and horrific events it describes, and because you are drawn into identifying with the people the horrors are that much more convincing and scary. It concerns an ancient evil creature (or force) trapped in the stone floor of a ruined chateau, trying to escape the occult bonds which secure it. There are echoes here and there of other horror novels, such as *The Exorcist*, but *Necromancer* stands up well on its own merits despite Holdstock's occasional tendency to overwrite. It would, incidentally, make a pretty good movie.

Last and certainly least, we come to **A Planet Called Treason** by Orson Scott Card (Pan £1.50). Card is one of the up-and-coming names of American sf, but it's impossible to see why from this piece of trash. It's set on a distant world, poor in minerals, where a bunch of exiled humans have developed all kinds of super-abilities to compensate for the lack of digital watches. The most central of these to the story is the ability to regenerate their own tissue almost instantaneously, and this enables Card to have a fine old time hacking his leading characters into bits and having them reassemble themselves. This stops being implausible and becomes just plain daft when the hero's regenerative mechanisms go berserk and he starts sprouting arms and legs in all directions, finishing with five of the latter and an unspecified number of the former. There's something distinctly queasy and distasteful about the whole thing (it left me with a strong aversion to ever meeting the author). Surprisingly, Card turns out to be a very active member of the Church of Latter Day Saints. You'd never guess from reading this that he was a Mormon, though you might fleetingly think he was five-sixths of one.



ZONE

BY TISE VAHIMAGI

Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy is probably one of the most high-speed TV shows I've seen as a living time. With its colourful scenes, settings, special effects (both good and terrible), widely lauded characters, and blurring superimposed computer read-outs flashing across the scene—often, it falls miserably short of being a wonderful "live action" cartoon.

The *Daily Telegraph's* Sylvia Axworthy zoned in most accurately when she referred to the series as coming "closer to Lewis Carroll than to Kurt Vonnegut." It is Lewis Carroll-land (the science-comedy [science?]) through a looking glass.

Having missed its original airing on BBC Radio, the so-part television version is all I can base my thoughts on. (No, I haven't read the books either!)

However, it is not hard to imagine where the vast legion of Douglas Adams fanside came from—**Hitchhiker's Guide** being more suitable to a radio serial format than to a visual construct on the tube.

Nevertheless, anything that starts off with the destruction of planet earth to make way for a hyper space express route, and introduces characters like earthling Arthur Dent (Simon Jones) and his alien pal Ford Prefect (David Dixon) can't be bad at all. The alien pal is said to come from the planet Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetle juice), the introduction of which is accompanied by the superimposed read-outs and further background detail for which there isn't enough time to read it all.

The production by Alan J.W. Bell is, on the strength of its electronic wizardry, delightful for the

graphics and extracts from the electronic guide book. The story's only invasion (Ford's cocktail drink, the Pan Galactic Gargle Blaster, for instance) and humorous dialogue (reaction to a point at one time being given as "the argument is a bad of frogs a kooking") I submit are something of a cross breed from the old days of *The First Report* (BBC tv, 1966-67) and *At Last—The 1948 Show* (Hickfords, 1967), both with a science-fiction bias added.

Sadly, though **Hitchhiker's Guide** appears to have its roots very firmly embedded in the Cambridge Footlights Revue strain and this, with its rather astute comedienne and intellectual leanings may well have left some viewers cold and alienated. However, it's still a valid contribution to small-screen sci-fi—so who's panning?

And now onto another area of British tv science-fiction—in the form of the 1962 anthology series *Out of This World*.

This 13-episode series, produced by the ABC Television Network (UK) and hosted by the 75-year old Boris Karloff, was a modest anthology with its roots closer to tv play-theatre than, say, an American counterpart such as Leslie Stevens' *The Outer Limits*, which claims from its film-making cinema.

Out of This World was produced by Leonard White and premiered on British television on June 30, 1962—running the summer months through to September. Under the story editorship of Irene Shubik, the series presented many adaptations of original stories by such authors as Rod Phillips, Isaac Asimov, Raymond F. Jones and Clifford Simak. The following five episodes are, in my personal opinion, most representative of the show:

Amplifier (July 21) Sc: Terry Nation, from an original story by Philip K. Dick. Dr. Peter Hammerford, with Glynn Owen, Patrick Allen, John Carson, Angela Browne, Keith Anderson. While earth is at war with an alien race an important figure on which depends the fate of mankind is arrested on the suspicion that he is a robot containing a concealed bomb—ready to detonate on a spoken word or phrase. The man escapes but, in attempting to prove his innocence, is betrayed by all whom he once trusted. Believing that when he finds the real robot his innocence will be proved he sails off through the war-torn countryside. Eventually, he finds the robot look-alike—which turns out to be the real human. The thoughts of realising that he or after all a robot decorates the bomb.

Botany Bay (July 28) Sc: Terry Nation, Dr. Guy Verney, w/William Gault, Storm Durr, Norman Jones, Virginia Stride, Julian Glover, Ann Lynn. A man returns from a trip to find his younger brother has been committed to an asylum as guilty of murder, but insane. He is then told that his brother had killed an orderly at the asylum because he believed the inmates were no longer themselves, but had been possessed by the minds of alien creatures. He learns also that his brother originally went there to study psychiatry. Later he is told that his brother has committed suicide, but decides to investigate for himself. Assuming another name, he infiltrates the asylum and discovers that the place is being used as a penal colony where the minds of criminals from another planet are being transferred



Above: One of Jim Francis' original designs for the BBC tv version of **Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy**.

into the minds of the inmates. It then turns out that this is actually another planet, and it is the minds of criminals from earth who are being transferred—to this new "Botany Bay."

Pictures Don't Lie (August 11) Sc: Bruce Stewart, from the short story by Katherine Maclean. Dr. John Knight, w/Gary Watson, Roger Avon, Judy Cornwall, Milo O'Shea, David Hemmings. A scientist and his radio expert receive signals from space. Following a study they realise that they came from an alien spaceship waiting to land on earth. They make contact and prepare for its landing. As the ship nears earth's atmosphere they lose contact for a while but it's

re-established when the alien captain tells them that they're sinking into a vast marsh filled with nightmare creatures. The desperate calls for help eventually stop. The scientists at-check the signals and then realise that the aliens were microscopical—and that their tiny spaceship plunged into a rain puddle.

Vanishing Act (August 18) Sc: Richard Waring, Dr. Don Leaver, w/Maurice Denham, William Job, Philip Grou, Jennifer Wilson. A frustrated amateur consumer discovers a little box while browsing through a shop. It was once the property of a famous dead magician and it can actually make objects vanish. His success at private parties with the magical box bring him a great deal of publicity. He returns to the shop and finds a large cabinet which, he discovers, has an even more powerful ability to make things vanish. Turning professional, he embarks on a tour and changes his act from making dogs to young women disappear. However, an inquisitive detective picks up on his trail due to his history of vanished assistants. To escape, he jumps into his own box and finds himself in the future, where all his assistants have been sent. There he also meets the famous magician—but now he has left his newly-wed wife behind and is back to being the amateur, the junior.

The Tycoons (September 22) Sc: Bruce Stewart, adapted from the short story by Arthur Sellings. Dr. Charles Jermot, w/Charles Gray, Geraldine McEwan, John Cater, Patrice Mott, Ronald Fraser. A tax inspector decides to investigate a new business which has opened up in his area. The business is in fact a front for three aliens who are constructing a weapon to control the thoughts of mankind. The alien leader decides to take the inspector into the "business", to prevent further investigation, and shows him some amazing dolls which dance without mechanical means. Impressed by this the inspector agrees to become their sales manager. The three aliens are then constantly interrupted in their work by requests from the inspector for more dolls. The orders pour in and the alien leader has to stop the inspector from accepting more orders, but finds himself caught up in the exciting whirlwind of business dealing. Meanwhile, the alien fleet is hovering above earth, ready for the signal to strike. The signal, however, does not come—for the three aliens and the inspector are revealing in their roles as big business tycoons.



A Starburst Interview **MARTIN BOWER**

You started your career by sending material to Gerry Anderson.

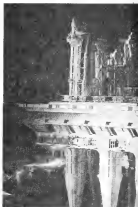
Well, what happened was I left school after being told off for always making models and being interested in science fiction. For the last few years, science fiction has been the "in" thing. Back then it wasn't. Thunderbirds was on television and, if you watched it, you were a star. Because I was interested and made models, I got real bad ribbing. Eventually, I left school and went to work for the IEA (Inner London Education Authority) closed-circuit television people.

What did you do there?

Basically, I was taken on as a scenery-builder and all I did was nail bits of 8 x 4 hardboard to frames all day long. That was their scenery. So I thought *blow this. It's not far now*. I was there for three months. I always knew I wanted to build models. Ever since I was a kid, I've been building models. In an art lesson at school, we were given the subject 'water', so I did a painting of Thunderbird 4 and it was torn up by my art teacher. He was that kind of bloke. It wasn't "Real Art" and he tore it up. He used to tear all my paintings up. So I got a bit annoyed after a while, because I was always very strong-willed and I used to have arguments with art teachers, which you "didn't do". I always knew I was going to be a model maker. I remember being eight years old when things like *Superman* were on and I used to watch and think I'm going to do that one day. And I did. I was lucky.

What did you do?

I went to a local model shop where I used to get my bits and pieces and I just said to the chap behind the counter, *Do you know any model making?* And he said, *Yes. Scale Models International at Croydon*. I've always been an ardent photographer, so I just went off with my little book of pictures of work I'd done and was offered a job on the spot. I was with them 3½ years. The only reason I left was that I wasn't allowed to design anything. We were building things for Hawker Siddeley and the RAF Museum at Hendon and I got tired of it. I guess I learned the industrial side of model-making there, but it wasn't very artistic. Even then, I



used to leave work, go home and make models. My life has been making models. Everyone has a driving force within them. My driving force was to make models and puppets. I always enjoyed most of all getting my hands mucky with plaster and making landscapes and getting plasticine under my fingernails.

So you wrote to Gerry Anderson? (Interviewed in Starburst 8)

Yeah, after this I wrote to Gerry and got a letter by return of post — I couldn't believe this — and he said go and see Brian Johnson (interviewed in Starburst 9) at Bray Studios. So I went to see Brian and took a carload of models. He said, *When I get a script through that calls for a model, I'll send it to you, and I thought Oh yeah. They all say that.* But, blow me, true to his word, about a week later I got this script for the *Alpha Child* episode. More and more work came along until eventually virtually every episode had not one but six — *Dragon's Den* had six or seven spaceships and I had to build them in two weeks. Terry Reid and Cyril Foster were two special effects men working at the studio who went onto the model side. They did *Alpha Moonbase* and all those buildings. But all the alien buildings and all the spaceships, with the exception of the *Eagles*, were mine. I built 58 models for *Space 1999*. Usually that was also designing a fair amount of them myself because there was no time. I used to see Brian, who was really busy. At first, he'd say, *Show me a drawing.* But, after a while, he was just sending me a script and I didn't even see him until I'd done a model. And I had to do them very quickly.

The episodes were shot on a ten day turnaround, weren't they?

Yes and anyone who makes models will know that is horrendous. I was literally working 80-100 hours a week and all through the night.

And I really enjoyed it. I was on it for two *Space 1999* seasons and later infinity in the middle. I built the *Altair* for that. At the time, I thought it was another alien spaceship for *Space 1999*. I made one version 2ft long and then another one 3½ ft long. Then we had the Delta (brass) space station which was 15ft long. I worked at the studios for three months putting it all together. *Space 1999* and later infinity were the only two Gerry Anderson shows I worked on, but they lasted me 35 years.

Then you saw unemployment approaching?

Well, I've been lucky, really. I've never been unemployed. There have been little gaps but nothing really. A few weeks — there's always that in the film industry. I came out of *Space 1999* and *The Medusa Touch* came up. Brian Johnson said, *Do you want a job at a tech school?* he said, *It's got a jumbo jet crashing into a building. We didn't build the jumbo jet; it was a shop display model. We had to paint it up in the right colours and dirty it down to make it look real. Great fun.* Three months just to do one shot — we prepared the building and the plane and did the shots of the model plane flying over London. I did *The Medusa Touch* in the studios (at Bray, with the explosion being filmed at Shepperton) then I came out again and worked here in Bracknell. Then I picked *Blake's 7* up on the end of *The Medusa Touch*. And also the *Allen Attack* Jif advert for which I had to build three silos and the three fruits which launched.

The Blake's 7 you worked on was the first series?

Yes. They had a model of the *Liberator* already, made by a (non BBC) company and it was white with a green ball on the back. The model was 2ft long and it looked as if a bloke in scale would be 6 inches high. Then they





Abner/draft: Martin Boudry adds drawing to the Liberator model for the *SBC* trainees Blake's 7. Above: Martin Boudry's bulky director's model of the refinery in the film *Outland*. Left: Martin Boudry's model of the Starburst 18, with an air of futuristic realism.

broke the news that this thing was supposed to be 1000ft long and the producer David Maloney [intervened] in Starburst 18, and Jim Scones the visual effects designer [Starburst 21] gave me the Liberator and said, *What can you do with it?* So I spent four days covering it in panel lines and detail. There's no stock-on detail. It's all painted on because the model was so small that every time you stuck a bit on, it made it look too big.

I was surprised when I saw how small it was.

Aah that's the big one. Then I was asked to make two more, half the size and much lighter because the problem was it was too heavy; part of it was made of brass. The two lighter ones I made were 14 inches long and made from extruded plastic tubing with lights and things in. They kept leaving the light on in the studio and the green ball kept melting. I used to keep re-making the end bits.

Was it a shock drop comparatively small-budget is shoves?

I went to the Starburst Convention and a little boy said to me: "How could you make such rubbish on Blake's 7 after working on *Space 1999*?" I said, "Look, kid, it's work — You don't throw it away". I was very lucky. As far as I'm concerned, I was at my peak on *Space 1999* and I've never been given the chance since. I got thrown into *Space 1999* and suddenly I produced models I never believed I could do. I was under such pressure to do it, I did enjoy it, but there were times when I sat down and cried. It's no fun. The thing, you see, is that it tends to destroy the hobby side of it — sometimes it's nice when you just do it for yourself. I do little models for myself and I'm much happier doing those, I must admit.

Television is all compromise.

In the middle of doing *Alien*, I was coming home from the studio and working on *The Tomorrow People* (for Thames TV) in the evenings. I was spending endless hours building these models. The producer said, "They've got to look like they've come from *Star Wars*. Here's £50." Considering they wanted about five models which would have cost them about £5000, there was no way. We ended up with a flying saucer made from a lampshade because they just couldn't afford it. At the same time, I was working on *Alien*, when we had a Neotrons that cost hundreds of thousands of pounds.

And everything had to be re-done.

Everything on *Alien* was... *Alien* was... not a labour of love by any means; I was talked into going on it. I wasn't keen to do it because I felt... I dunno... it was a bit of a comedown. I'd been designing things on *Space 1999* and now I was going onto a picture where there were ten people telling me what to do and I resented it and didn't want to do it, but it's the same old thing. You've got to live.

*How did you become involved on *Alien*?*

I was promised another project at the time — the feature film of *Dan Dare* — which fell through and I decided to go on *Alien*.

*And on *Alien* you worked on the Neotrons?*

Well, I hardly did any work at all on the Neotrons. That was done by a carpenter using the wrong set of drawings; it came out

completely different to what it was supposed to be because somehow he got a bead in the middle which shouldn't have been there and it got much too square. Ron Cobb's original drawings looked much nicer. Somehow the carpenter built this thing which just came out looking different. I dunno. I thought it looked hideous but, of course, Ridley Scott wanted it to look hideous. I did dithering down on it and a lot of the painting-up and a bit of detailing. But the refinery I did quite a bit of — the towers and things like that. You see, Ridley liked the original spires and the gthic look and then later came in and said, "I don't like those". He used to change his mind every other day. We literally smashed the lot. We'd just spent six months building it.

As far as I understand it, the original models were made and they were fine but the conception changed, so a lot of models had to be re-built to fit in with the new ideas.

Well, that's a... a great simplification, really. Ridley would literally change his mind four times in half an hour. On the Neotrons, the model underneath remained original, but all the detailing changed, the colour changed three times. On the refinery, virtually all the towers were re-built, the docking arm section was totally re-built and it was really just me and a lot of other people just fighting every which way to try and get the thing out on time.

*I didn't like *Alien*, but I thought the model work looked superb on screen.*

It's OK, but you should have seen what they threw away. We used to see the rushes and, personally, I think a lot of great stuff never made it that should have. They had some fabulous shots of the monster. Zooming in over his head and there were what looked like maggots in his hand. Never shown on the screen. *Alien* was incredible, it was an experience, it was just a question of going in to work every day and just doing it to get it out on time. A year. The enthusiasm gradually went out the window. By the time we were finished, I was heartily sick of it and used to long for half the money but be able to do what I wanted to do.

*You went on to *Flesh Gordon*.*

[Laughs]

*A totally different style to *Alien*.*

Some people love space ships; which are just smooth and round: I do, but there's a limit. I mean, my favourite design of all time is *Slingshot* — it's smooth and sleek and it works. In *Flesh Gordon*, they're smooth and sleek but they're hideous — the cockpits are out-of-proportion to the hulls and the fins are too big to my way of thinking. The war rocket is just like a cigar tube with a couple of angels' wings on it. But that's what was wanted. We weren't even allowed to dirty them down.

*That was *Dino De Laurentis*' idea. No dirt.*

No dirt at all. *Psycho-cleas. No scale.*

You were involved in the scene where the aircraft crashes into the greenhouse at the beginning.

The greenhouse was built by the carpenter. We were building benches — this is true — we were building benches while the carpenter was building the models. It's politics. I don't under-

stand it. It's all politics.

So the carpenter built the greenhouse.

Yes. We started it and detailed it and we built the landscape around the greenhouse using real trees. I went to a nursery and bought 100 miniature conifer trees which were planted on the set and watered every day. You should have seen them grow because they were under these huge arc lights being watered all the time. The "grass" in the greenhouse set was actually moss. It all started sprouting. You used to arrive in the morning and mushrooms had grown on the set.

But, after all this trouble, they managed to crash the plane into the greenhouse.

Yes, the plane was on wires but was radio-controlled. It flew into the greenhouse and we did it about six times, repairing the greenhouse in-between. The carpenters had made a beautiful job of it - individual bricks. The plane was a De Havilland Dove because that was what the full-size plane was (for the live-action scene). It was going to be a Jetstream, but nobody could afford to buy a Jetstream to crash. So they crashed the real plane down runners in the aircraft hanger at Weybridge. That matched our model work and they cut them together.

You kept changing studios, I heard.

Yeah. We were at Shepperton. Then Dino would work out he could save two dollars by going down to Weybridge, so we all went down there. We were always being layed-off through lack of money. After everybody had been sacked about three times and then had their names recalled, we got a bit fed up and I decided to go into partnership with (fellow model-maker) Bill Pearson. We hadn't even decided what we were going to do when the phone rang one day and it was Nick Alder saying, "I've been offered this picture Outland. I can't do it. I think he was tied up on The Sea Wolves. So he said, 'Would you like to go and see this chap Peter Hyams?' I'd seen his film Capricorn One and liked that - a good romp - so I took my portfolio and trundled over to Pinewood and met Peter Hyams who comes up and crushes your head and says, "I don't care what you can't do. I don't want any negatives. I just want to know if you can do it." He showed me this refinery picture of the wall. It was an impossible thing. They'd got this 19ft long refinery, we'd got to finish it by May, this was January. I swallowed and said, "Yeah, maybe we can do it, provided we're able to interpret your drawings", meaning we could use bits and pieces and kits. It was the only way it was possible - it was down to the time and money.

Contrary to popular belief, they don't have endless budgets for these things, and, indeed, we were cut down considerably on our original quote price. Anyway, I said, "Oh yes, we can do it. But I have to do it at home, in my own workshops, out of the studio". Peter said "That's OK. I know guys who work best under their bed".

So we sat down and built the whole refinery, working ridiculous hours; we also got in several other partners to do the decks while Bill and I did all the detailing. The finished refinery was 19ft zinc across and about 10ft wide and we did all of it with the exception of



the towers going down into the ground and the launch pad legs. We took it to Pinewood, where John Steers and his crew put it together. Then, after they'd shot on it for about a week, they decided it was too dark. So they gave it to the spray shop to spray it white and they just sprayed and all the panel lines disappeared. Bill and I walked off. We couldn't believe it. There were two immense greenhouses on this refinery and, through some incredible cockup, these two apprentice boys were told to take a greenhouse round to the spray shop and they dropped it and it shattered. It was perplex and it shattered. These greenhouses cost thousands of pounds they were reflecting, mirror perspex. It had taken Bill and I absolutely years to do these things. They dropped the greenhouse and we saw them gradually destroying the refinery, respraying it more and more, and we decided we'd had enough. We came home and did a shuttle for the film: we were applied, basically, with a wind-fucking perspex shoe-box thing with legs all spring and we only had two weeks to make it look like a shuttle. Bill lived over at my place and never even had time to go home. During this time, we got endless entourage of people arriving because they wanted to view everything. But they never changed anything, they were always pleased and we were lucky. We delivered the refinery

on the day we said we would and we delivered the shuttle on the day we said we would.

After that, you were offered Des Dore again - this time as a TV series.

That's fallen through. ATV's put it back. We've done four or five models for them, it was very much like the comic book. I have 175 Eagle comics in the loft. I was a fan. The special effects guy turned up here with 2000 AD and I said, "What's that?" and just handed him this stack of Eagles. He'd never shot... He started asking us how to film spaceships: hadn't got a clue. We were approached about doing the Mission. I had a two hour meeting with one night with the make-up and costume people. But it's all scrapped.

Presumably when a model effects film goes out of fashion...

We're already in the recession. It's really bad. I mean, thank god I can do other things. You've done commercials other than the Gerry Anderson ones.

Yes, I've just done a spaceship job for John Steers - Kellogg's Corn Flakes. I got a phone call a couple of weeks ago and he just said: "I'd like a spaceship. It's got to be 2ft 6ins long, 6ins wide and 6ins high. What can you do?" and he turned up on Monday and collected it. *What about your getting typed as a science fiction model man?*



Well, I love doing printings. I've even really sold anything commercially apart from pre-production printings. I did some for *The Shape of Things to Come* when Harry Alin Towas was going to produce it with Gerry Anderson. *Gerry? I thought it was Sylvia Anderson.* It was Gerry and Sylvia Anderson together.

Gerry's found it difficult to get finance for ideas in Britain. Have you found that?

Yes. I've got a tv series that I've written. I've done a fair bit for it in the way of models and I've written four stories, the stories format, the characters. I love the idea of creating a technology. I've planned the series, got it written, got a portfolio and publicity handouts and everything and I've been trying to get it off the ground and ... Forget it.

Expensive?

Not really. I'd priced it out with the puppets being made by me and therefore they wouldn't cost very much. People are just not interested: it's science fiction. A half-hour weekly science fiction thing for kids. Just a romp. I approached private businesses and ... I haven't given up the idea by any means, but I'm finding it very difficult. *Space 1999* was great but it was all spacebuds and it's the same with all these things: just space, all over the place. It's a society of the near future. It's not way out, but it's an opportunity to use futuristic cars and planes. But as for finance ...

Top inset: The detailed model of the refinery for the forthcoming film Outland. The final model measured 19ft 7ins by 10ft. Above: Martin Bower works on a model of a space ship for Outland. Below: A space ship built by Martin Bower for the ill-fated ATV Gun Data tv series.



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